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CARLOS P. ROMULO

We Romulos Changed Our Minds

MIDMONTH POWWOW:

Is Santa Claus Overworked?

UNITED THEOLOGICAL

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families December 1956

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The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1790)

December-January 1956-1957 ***Vol. 1, No. 3***

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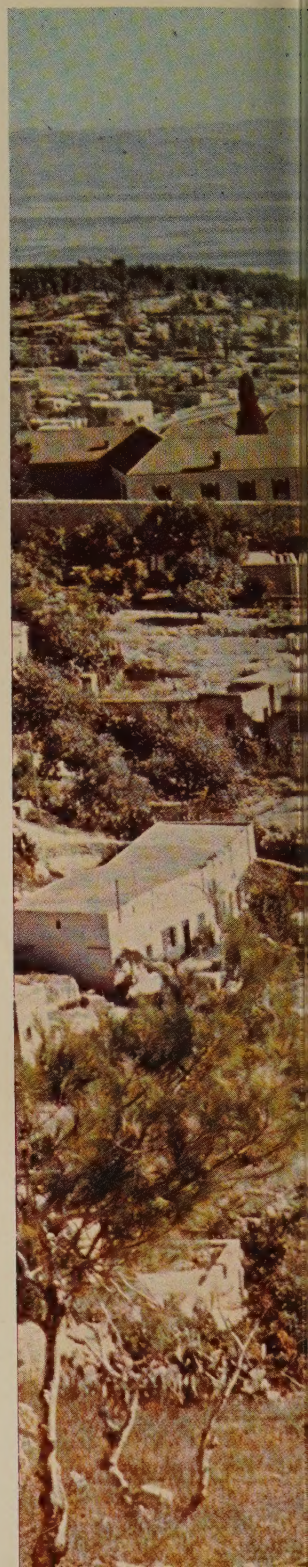
"Looky what I got for Christmas!" our little girl shouts through the window to her pal next door. But who really got the best present? Betcha if pooch could talk he'd say, "I did!" Photo by Leo Aarons.

Nazareth, now a city of 12,000, has changed much since biblical days. But rulers still mold ways men must live—and journey to Bethlehem. *(See pages 26-28).*



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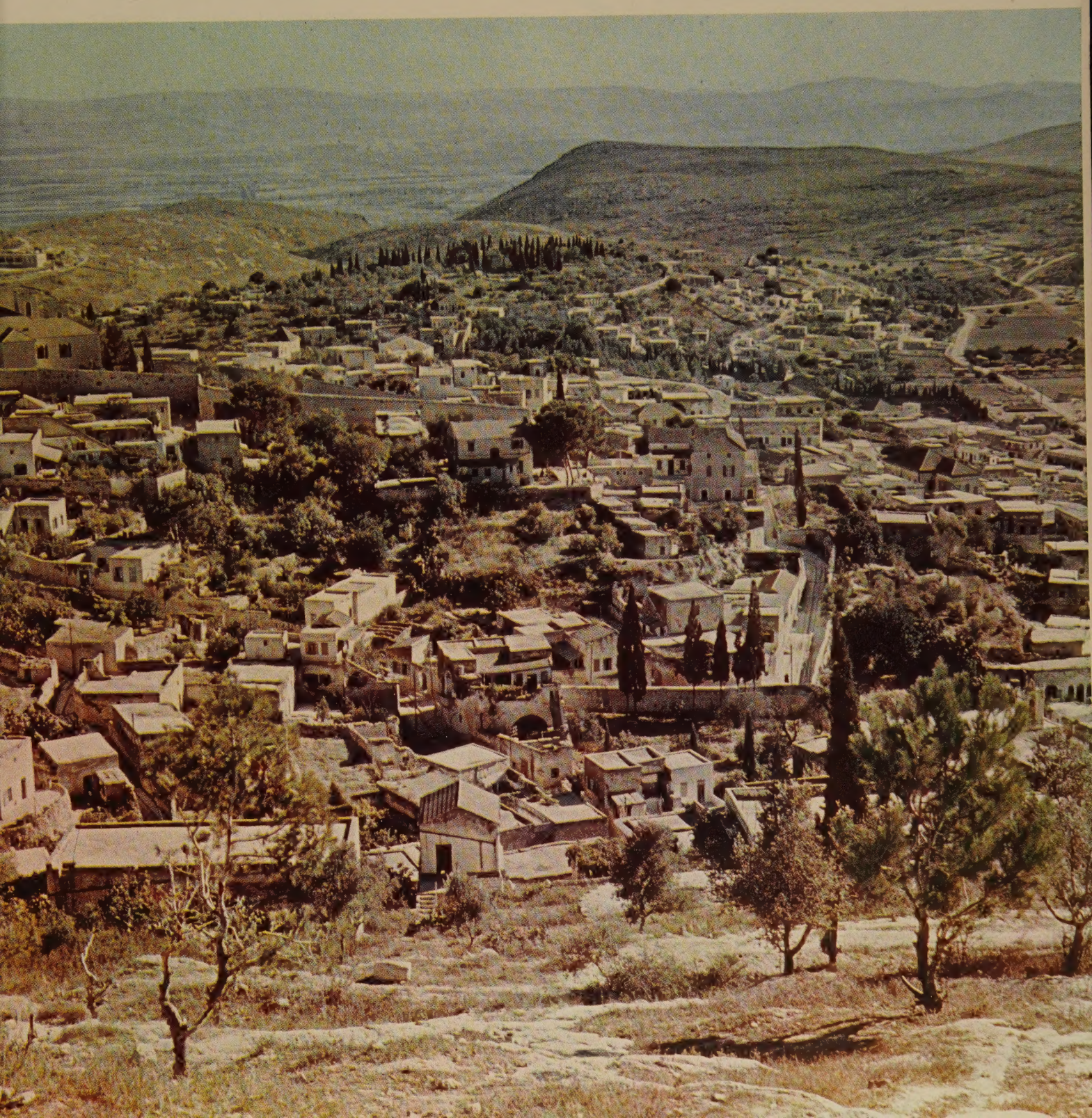
PHILIP found Nathanael, and said to him,

"We have found him of whom Moses in the law and also the prophets wrote, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph." Nathanael said to him,

"Can anything good come out of Nazareth?"

Philip said to him, "Come and see."

—JOHN 1:45



Verses for Christmas

PRAYER FOR A CHILD

I would not deny him
Any gaieties
Of Santa Claus and reindeer
And wonder-laden trees;

But let a song ring clearly
And let a star shine through,
And when he thinks of Christmas, Lord,
Let him think of You.

—Jane Merchant

GOOD WILL OF CHRISTMAS

Rich gifts and fortunes earthlings prize,
Lush comforts, goods, and gold;
In these they cannot realize
The peace desired of old.
But in the Savior come to Earth,
God here to right their wrong,
May men of good will everywhere
Hear now the Angels' Song.

Atomic bombs men built and trust
To fend off threat and rage,
But these do not expunge blood-lust,
Nor bring the Golden Age.
Only Messiah from above
Can tame the human race,
And train it to good will and love
That knows not caste nor place.

—Otis L. Collier

CHILDREN CAROLERS

Their leader holds the flashlight steady,
A tall boy tucks the violin
Determinedly beneath cleft chin.
Now they are ready.

"O little town of Bethlehem!" The traffic noises die,
And we are looking at a Star bright in an Eastern sky.

"It came upon a midnight clear," the treble voices trill.
We listen to the angels' song above a Syrian hill.

"See Him in a manger laid . . ." We see the Mother's head
In golden adoration bowed over her Child's mean bed.

"God rest you merry, gentlemen; let nothing you dismay."
Then laughter, and the running feet,
And after, in another street,
The carolers begin
To the uncertain violin:
"Jesus Christ is born today.
Alleluia!"

And we stood entranced so long
With their innocence, and their song,
We forgot to call them in!

—Rachel Harris Campbell

Letters

To 'Together' Readers:

The third floor at 740 Rush Street, Chicago, is humming these days.

Down the hall a battery of whirring electronic machines is punching out 10,000 address cards daily, six days a week—trying to catch up on the All-Family Plan subscription lists pouring in from churches. The business department is happy—but also sorry that some of you will get your magazines late. And it wishes that the October print-order—raised from 600,000 to 700,000 just before we went to press—had been upped to 800,000.

That one-million goal, set by the bishops for Methodism's "bold venture" may be realized sooner than was expected.

Here in the editorial department, we're busy too. Plans are underway for issues six months ahead. And we're delighted with our mail.

Frankly, you've almost swamped us with your friendly letters about what Methodists are beginning to call "our magazine." But keep them coming!

Herewith we share a few of general interest. These and the others underline TOGETHER'S *enormous opportunity to serve the Great Cause. And they make us humbly aware of the responsibility devolving upon us as*—YOUR EDS.

High Schoolers Scramble . . .

IRVEN HERTHER
Garden City, South Dakota

I am superintendent of a small high school. When I put TOGETHER on the library table, there is a scramble for it and everyone finds something in it to interest him. The color effect is magnificent and the reading is good!

Thank you, Superintendent Herther. One of our fondest hopes for TOGETHER *is that generous Methodists will subscribe for it on behalf of school and public libraries.*—EDS.

She Waited 16 Years

MRS. VICTOR A. GUNN
Sioux City, Iowa

Sixteen years ago I was a conference officer in the former Woman's Home Missionary Society, and those who were to publish the new *Advocate* wrote and asked me to suggest what type of magazine I would like.

I replied, "Give us a magazine that is on good paper, with reading material on a par with the old *Advocate* but attractive enough in make-up to compete for the attention of our young people with secular magazines that come to our reading table."

Sixteen years is a long time to wait, and our children are in their own homes—but what was their loss is our grandchildren's gain!

TOGETHER is eminently satisfying in every way, and we Methodists can be rightly proud of our new magazine.

Baby Sitter's Choice

GRACE MARIE TENCATE
Chicago, Illinois

Happened to have the care of several babies in a friend's home when I noticed a copy of your October TOGETHER. Have found most of the articles very inspiring and informative, but my choice is "Here's How Sallman Painted It," by William F. McDermott. Mr. Sallman's picture is magnificent. I have always adored it—it is so alive. I liked Mr. McDermott's article, as his thoughts are so easily transferred as one reads the article and I do think it is inspiring.

This Is Parish-Participation!

RAY E. BIGGERS, *Pastor*
Union Protestant Church
Niagara, Wisconsin

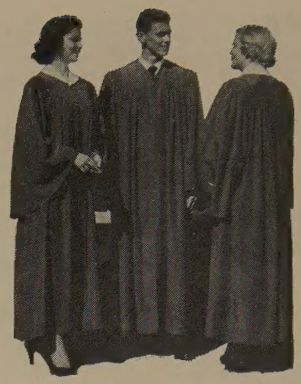
Here in Niagara, members of our congregation appreciate TOGETHER for many of the same reasons others of your readers have undoubtedly already expressed. However, we also appreciate TOGETHER for reasons no other congregation could express, for this alone is our sole prerogative!

The paper stock used in TOGETHER is manufactured in the Niagara Mill of the Kimberly Clark Paper Company. Nearly every man in our parish has played some part in the manufacture of this paper, and considerable pride is evidenced in this fact.

He Likes Our Authors

BEN HIBBS, *Editor*
The Saturday Evening Post
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The copies of TOGETHER and the NEW CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE came this morning, and . . . I want to congratulate you on getting off to a good start. The magazines have the professional touch—a thing lacking in too many church publications—and they appear to be darned interesting . . .



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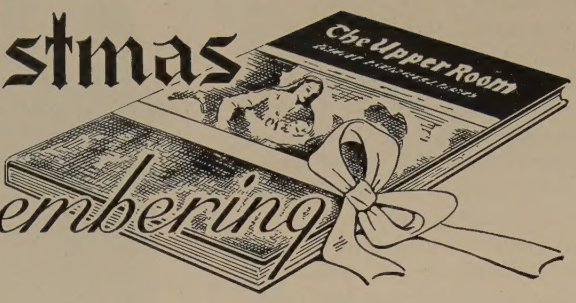
Christmas is for Remembering



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T-2

I want to read them more carefully . . .

Incidentally, I was surprised and pleased to note that you have several outstanding writers in this first issue of TOGETHER. If you are able to continue getting such authors as Donald Culross Peattie, Norman Katkov and Norman Cousins, you will be taking a long step toward making TOGETHER a topflight publication . . .

. . . A Flying Start

DEWITT WALLACE, *Editor*
The Reader's Digest
Pleasantville, New York

Congratulations on TOGETHER's smoothly impressive take-off. You're away to a flying start! Content- and production-wise, the issue is first rate.

From a Reader, Aged 81

E. G. ZIMMERMAN
Janesville, Minnesota

I have been a subscriber to the *Christian Advocate* for about 50 years, and have seen some changes during that time. I have just received my October number, and I fully believe this new monthly magazine with its color pictures is just such a Christian magazine as it should be.

Now at age 81, I hope to be a reader of TOGETHER, our new *Advocate,* for quite a few more years.

He Doesn't Like to Jump

CLARENCE H. LEE
Palos Verdes Estates, California

Please accept my thanks for the fact that your make-up department does not make it necessary to turn to the later pages for the continuation of an article.

Yes, TOGETHER's *"policy" is not to jump articles. We're fudging a bit on it this month, though, by continuing this letters column, as you see.*—EDS.

Three Eagle-Eyed Readers . . .

J. W. WELDON, *President*
Louisville Conference Historical Society
Glasgow, Kentucky

I have read your splendid magazine, TOGETHER. But the good article by Mr. Peattie, "Martin Luther, Mighty Reformer" [October issue], has an error on page 26. Luther died on *February 18, 1546;* hence the date April 17, 1552, is a mistake.

Yes, Dr. Weldon, you are right. Author Donald Culross Peattie slipped. Luther stood "pale but steady, before the emperor" not on April 17, 1552, but on April 17, 1521. Two other eagle-eyed readers also caught the same bobble: the Rev. Kenneth W. Adams, of

(Continued on page 65)

Together / NEWSLETTER

METHODIST MEMBERSHIP has risen to 9.5 million (9,444,-820) in the U.S. and its possessions, according to a year-end. Other gains: church school members up, 1,000 new Methodist Men clubs.

AN EMERGENCY APPEAL for freewill collections in Methodist churches (December 15-January 6) to aid refugees from Hungary and other Eastern European countries has been authorized by the Council of Bishops and the Council on World Service and Finance. The appeal is being publicized by the Central Promotional Office, Chicago. Contributions will be administered by MCOR (Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief).

THE U.S. SUPREME COURT has rejected claims of an Ohio group that nudism is a "religion."

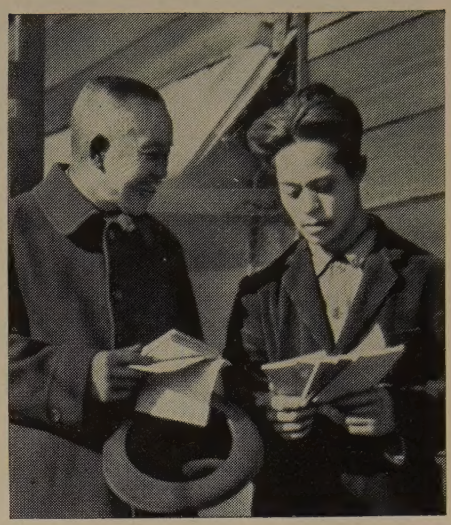
ALL FOUR Methodist bishops in India are natives of that country for the first time in the 100 years of India's Methodism. The Central Conference of Southern Asia recently elected two new bishops: the Rev. Mangal Singh and the Rev. Gabriel Sundaram. The Board of Missions' secretary for India, the Rev. James Mathews, New York, was initially elected, but declined so an Indian might hold the important post.

Three other Methodist bishops have been re-elected: the Rev. Sante Uberto Barbieri (one of six presidents of the World Council of Churches) and the Rev. Julio M. Sabanes, by the Latin American Central Conference; and the Rev. Jose L. Valencia, by the Philippines Central Conference.

VETERAN KOREAN MISSIONARY, the Rev. Anders Kristian Jensen, who made headlines when held prisoner three years by the Communists, died of a heart attack in Seoul. He was 59.

U.S. AND CANADIAN Protestant missionaries serving overseas now total a record 23,432, an increase of 4,856 from four years ago. They are stationed in 100 foreign countries, according to a recent survey by the Missionary Research Library. Methodists have the largest number, 1,513, in 31 countries. Six out of every 10 are women.

(For More Church News See Page 67.)



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How We Romulos Changed Our Minds

Father was a guerrilla fighting against Americans, but I played baseball with the blue-eyed devils . . .

by Carlos P. Romulo

THERE was once upon a time, in Manila, a certain club called the Army and Navy Club. It was near the Luneta and the Manila Bay—places steeped in the drama of Filipino nationalism.

On the Luneta the foremost hero of the Filipinos was executed by a Spanish firing squad on December 30, 1896. A monument now marks the spot where Jose Rizal fell. This will always be a shrine of patriotism for Filipinos.

It was in Manila Bay where Commodore Dewey, from his flagship, the *Olympia,* dictated the terms of Spain's surrender to American authority in August, 1898. Behind Manila, the Filipinos were in virtual control. So the once arrogant Lion of Iberia, after three centuries of domination over the Philippines, had no alternative but to bow to the muzzles of Dewey's guns and to accept the inevitable.

In this setting, so inseparably linked with the memories of the Filipino struggle for independence, stood the Army and Navy Club. And to it, I, then an impressionable high-school boy, was once asked to dinner

Quick to flash a smile is General Romulo—though in his memories are tragic events linked with the gallant stand of his people in World War II.

as guest of a friend, a Major in the United States Army.

As we took our seats, the waiter, who was a Filipino like myself, curtly told me it was a fixed rule of the club that only Americans were to be admitted. Though he said I must leave, I refused to move.

"You stay on your seat as long as I am here," my host insisted. So I stayed and ate my dinner. But I left the Army and Navy Club with wounded feelings.

All I had heard about American fair play came to my mind and I began asking myself: What is it all for? Was it fair that on my own soil I should be discriminated against because I was a Filipino? What had I done—what had my people done—to deserve such a treatment?

I thought of my hero Jose Rizal, who fell so near to the scene of my humiliation. He was martyred for the same liberty of which the courageous Patrick Henry became the symbol in the American Revolution. And hadn't American forces with Dewey joined with Filipinos in 1898, also in the name of liberty, to release us from the Spanish oppressors?

The day after the incident I unburdened myself to the principal of my high school. He listened quietly as I told how deeply I had been hurt.

"Forget it, Carlos!" he said as I finished. "That is nothing to bother about. I myself don't go to that club, because I do not agree with its rules."

Here was a man who shared my feelings, and he was an American! He disagreed vehemently with other Americans and didn't make any secret of it!

My high-school principal was a civilian, I knew, and the Army and Navy Club was made up of full-fledged officers. But he opposed the caste system in the club's practices. That was freedom of speech! Even the military wasn't unanimous in its caste attitude, or how could I explain the action of my gracious host on that memorable day? He was every inch a U.S. officer!

I now look back at the incident in the Army and Navy Club in Manila with a smile, considering the emotional upset it caused me. And my smile is one of tolerance which 50 years of association with Americans have generated in my spirit. For in maturer years I have come to regard manifestations like the one at the Army and Navy Club as rare exceptions rather than the rule.

No one has been able to convince me that good will is not the pervading motive of the American way of life. In my decade of labors in the councils of the United Nations I have not seen the slightest evidence of American recession from the task of promoting respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms. When the detractors have tried to magnify anti-Negro acts in certain sectors, the United States delegation has made critics hold their peace by the simple assertion that the government has condemned those acts and tried to prevent their commission.

As a boy in my home town in Camiling, Province of Tarlac, I saw the American soldiers of occupation do their chores as plain human beings, without the slightest militaristic tinge. We children mingled freely with Uncle Sam's uniformed men. They became our friends and teachers. From them I learned my first English words eagerly enough to literally storm, with others of my age, the first schoolhouse opened in our town under an American flag.

But there had been a lot of talk against the newcomers. They were said to be "man-eaters." From Manila had come warnings by both civilian and religious authorities: Children especially should not get near the

Some friendly blue-shirted U.S. soldier snapped this shot. That recumbent youth is Carlos Romulo—then about eight years old. The idea of it all is that he was on first base stealing second—but he slid back just in the nick of time!

Americanos lest they be devoured!

"They have absolutely no manners," I overheard my father, Gregorio Romulo, tell my mother. "They are brutes."

Father hated the Americans. He believed America wrested from us the freedom we had just won from Spain.

So he became one of the unknown guerrillas and I can remember how he would steal into the house in the dead of night after forays against "the blue-eyed devils."

But boys are boys the world over. So once when my mother was taking her *siesta* I made a beeline for the plaza. There were the *Americanos*—in dark blue flannel shirts, khaki pants, and huge hats. They didn't look like brutes to me, not when a sergeant smiled and tossed me an apple. Within a week he was my friend, showing me pictures and magazines and giving me candies and canned beef.

A few days later eight of us boys were squatting around him as he taught us from *Baldwin's Primer* to read and write. Sometimes, though, he would leave us abruptly, grab a gun and rush away with other soldiers. This we took for dismissal, not realizing they were called to repel guerrilla attacks of our own fathers.

Soldiers taught us baseball, too. And I had great ambitions to shine at shortstop. It was hard restraining my enthusiasm at home.

My grandfather, who had been a prisoner, wept bitterly when Emilio Aguinaldo, commander-in-chief of the Filipino forces, surrendered and took the oath of allegiance. Two days later my father came in and surrendered to Captain Minor and was treated with such consideration he whispered to my mother, "Say, these Americans are not as bad as I thought."

It was the turning point for him; soon he was studying English under Captain Minor. When Major A. V. Dalrymple came, my father asked him to live in our house and taught him Spanish in return for English lessons. The two became great friends and when my father campaigned for town mayor, Major Dalrymple harangued for him in badly broken Spanish.

Many American soldiers in Camiling instinctively reverted to civilian pursuits. Several became teachers and soon had the problem of accommodating the hundreds of children who sought to be pupils. Those teachers taught us how honesty was the best policy, how to speak our minds, how to be frank in our dealings with one another. The result was mutual frankness, and from this frankness stemmed good relations between us.

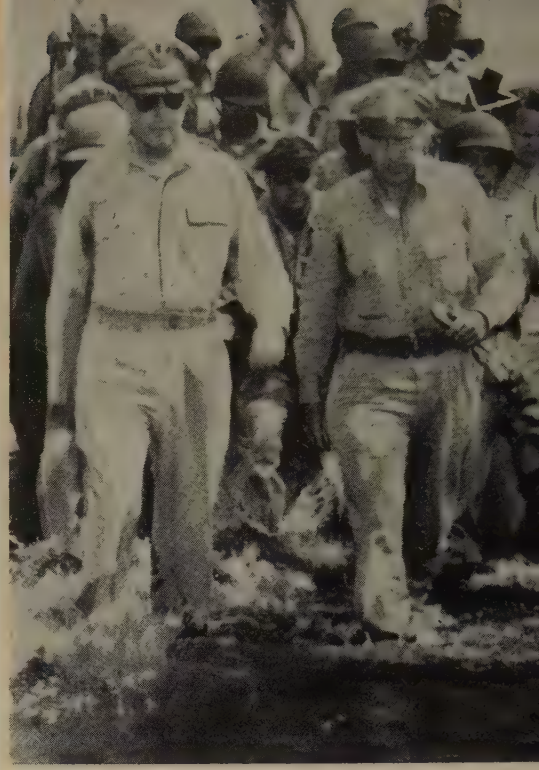
One of those American teachers (he must be in his 70's now), after hiding for many months, was traced to his hiding place by the Japanese in World War II. Before he was sent to the concentration camp, children saw him showered with bundles of provisions by Filipino friends. The poor man was in tears of gratitude as his neighbors and friends, likewise in tears, watched him hauled away.

My father was elected governor of our State and we moved to Tarlac, then to Manila where I came under influence of more American teachers. One of them now lives in Delray Beach, Florida, and I never miss calling on her whenever I pass her way.

Perhaps I should now confess that in my junior year in high school at Manila I wrote a poem. The title asked, "Who Are the Elect?" and I answered my question in the first line: *the teachers*. The rest of my verses extolled the good deeds of those faithful men and women who dedicated the best years of their lives to American democracy in Asia.

In Manila, I became editor of our high-school annual and helped the business manager get advertisements from American businessmen. None turned us down, but more important to me than the advertisements was the friendly way those executives took time to talk to two Filipino boys. Is it surprising that in my senior year I entered an oratorical contest with an enthusiastic speech on "My Faith in America" and won a gold medal?

Father, too, was won over. He saw how roads were built, how sanitation decreased the mortality rate, how wages and standard of living were raised. But what warmed his heart most was the planned way Filipinos progressively displaced Americans in governmental positions



About the Author

THAT ARROW points to Carlos P. Romulo in this historic photo of General Douglas MacArthur and staff landing at Leyte, the Philippines, in World War II. The press reported the water was waist-deep on 6-footer MacArthur, which raised a doubt in one columnist's mind. If so, he opined, Romulo would have drowned!

Though physically a "little guy," General Romulo has attained prodigious stature in international affairs. He has long represented his country in the U.S.A. in various roles, including the ambassadorship. His was an eloquent voice at the San Francisco Conference of 1945, which launched the United Nations, and he has served as president of its General Assembly. His successful oratorical clashes with Vishinsky, the late Russian chief delegate, are UN legend.

At the famous Bandung Conference, he was anchor-man for the forces of democracy. After you read this article, you will understand why.

Before entering international politics, he had had a distinguished career in the Philippines as newspaper correspondent, editor, publisher, and radio man, winning a Pulitzer award for his dispatches.

He was educated in the Philippines and at Columbia University. Two dozen colleges and universities have bestowed honorary degrees on him.

as rapidly as they were prepared for such responsibilities.

Then Manuel L. Quezon, after serving in Washington as Resident Commissioner of The Philippines, brought the Jones Act. Its preamble carried the first congressional promise of independence.

"This," my father told me, "vindicates my action in surrendering to the Americans and taking my oath of allegiance. Americans have fulfilled the promise they have made to us. Now I can die."

The Commonwealth of The Philippines was established in 1935, with the entire government placed in Filipino hands. It is America's pledge redeemed. It is the indisputable proof of the integrity of the American people. To understand its full impact on the people of Asia, one must recall history.

The United States, the mighty and powerful, in 1898 came to the Philippines, the weak and defenseless. Filipinos had revolted from Spain in 1896. They didn't have the arms with which to fight Spain. Yet, they defeated Spain. Aguinaldo's victorious armies were pressing the remnants of Spanish authority when Dewey's squadron steamed into Manila Bay.

It seemed to Filipinos that no sooner had they rid themselves of one oppressor than another had come. In Malolos, capital of the Province of Bulacan, the Philippine Republic was being born with a constitution that would do credit to any country on earth. But the forces of mighty America surged over the islands.

Who could have doubted the ultimate fate of the Filipino-American War? Resistance of the weary Filipinos was a futile effort from the military point of view. Yet the Filipinos fought. Then, after capture of Aguinaldo, when peace was restored, the Americans declared their intention was not to impose their will upon another people, that the war they had waged was not one of conquest.

William Howard Taft, the first American Civil Governor, who had become my father's friend and was to be my guardian when I came to America as a student, proclaimed the American policy: "The Philippines for the Filipinos." Further proclamations were to underscore that goal. The Filipinos were to be trained in self-government with a view to their complete independence. That was the pledge, unparalleled in the annals of that time. In other parts of the world colonialism was tightening its hold, and for millions of subject people there was neither pledge nor hope. America did the unbelievable thing and there was to be no deviation from the course of benevolent policy.

Came World War II and the Commonwealth Government-in-exile became one of the signatories to the Declaration of the United Nations. Subsequently, the Philippines became a member of the United Nations Organization, on the strength of the American promise of independence, which was to take effect on July 4, 1946.

Remember, World War II was not ended. Yet the United States was already treating the Filipinos as an independent people and giving them a status of equality and respect with the other allied nations in the war against Fascism. I have yet to find in history the equivalent of this honorable treatment of a weak people by another people with all means and implements of domination.

By that act the United States had set an example which has changed the course of history. It stimulated freedom movements in other areas and put colonial powers on notice as to the sensible course to take with their overseas possessions. Since then other republics have emerged in that sector of the globe where the American example of keeping the faith brought into being the Republic of the Philippines.

The thirst for domination is not in the American mind and the American character. I believed this to be the plain truth as early as my student days and all my experience since has confirmed this belief. Every now and then memories—such as that Army and Navy Club incident—come back to me. But they merge into the massive testament of American benevolence toward the Eastern Hemisphere.

Since her Philippine conquest of 1898, America has balanced the scale with the Filipinos by abundant proofs of sincerity and honor. Stage by stage, some act of official Washington has stood out to fortify the promise of independence and good will.

For Filipinos there has been no deviation from the path to their promised manumission from another people whose word is their bond.

Such is the way America won the people of the Philippines—and the Romulos.

General and Mrs. Romulo and family. Left to right: Carlos, Jr., who was a wartime lieutenant with Filipino guerrillas, Gregorio, Richard, and Bobby.

Tenement Manger

A True Story by **WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT**

IT WAS CHRISTMAS EVE in the slums of Chicago. Gently falling snow painted the city's haunts of poverty with a coat of gleaming white.

Our little mission, recently set up in the slums, vibrated with expectancy that night for it was our first Christmas Eve. Great things had been planned. Within the four walls of what had once been a vacant store, we had a Christmas tree, with its tinsel and presents, toys and candy. And the program was ready to begin!

Memories of festive days back in Bohemia and Poland and Italy kindled the minds of fathers and mothers as they sat in their shabby best and watched their children. The youngsters were thrilled. Their eager eyes were fixed on the curtained "Stage Entrance."

Behind the curtain were those who had been chosen for the simple exercises of song and storytelling in dialogue, music and pantomime of "Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men," the Annunciation, the Manger of Bethlehem, the Wise Men, the Shepherds, and the Christ Child.

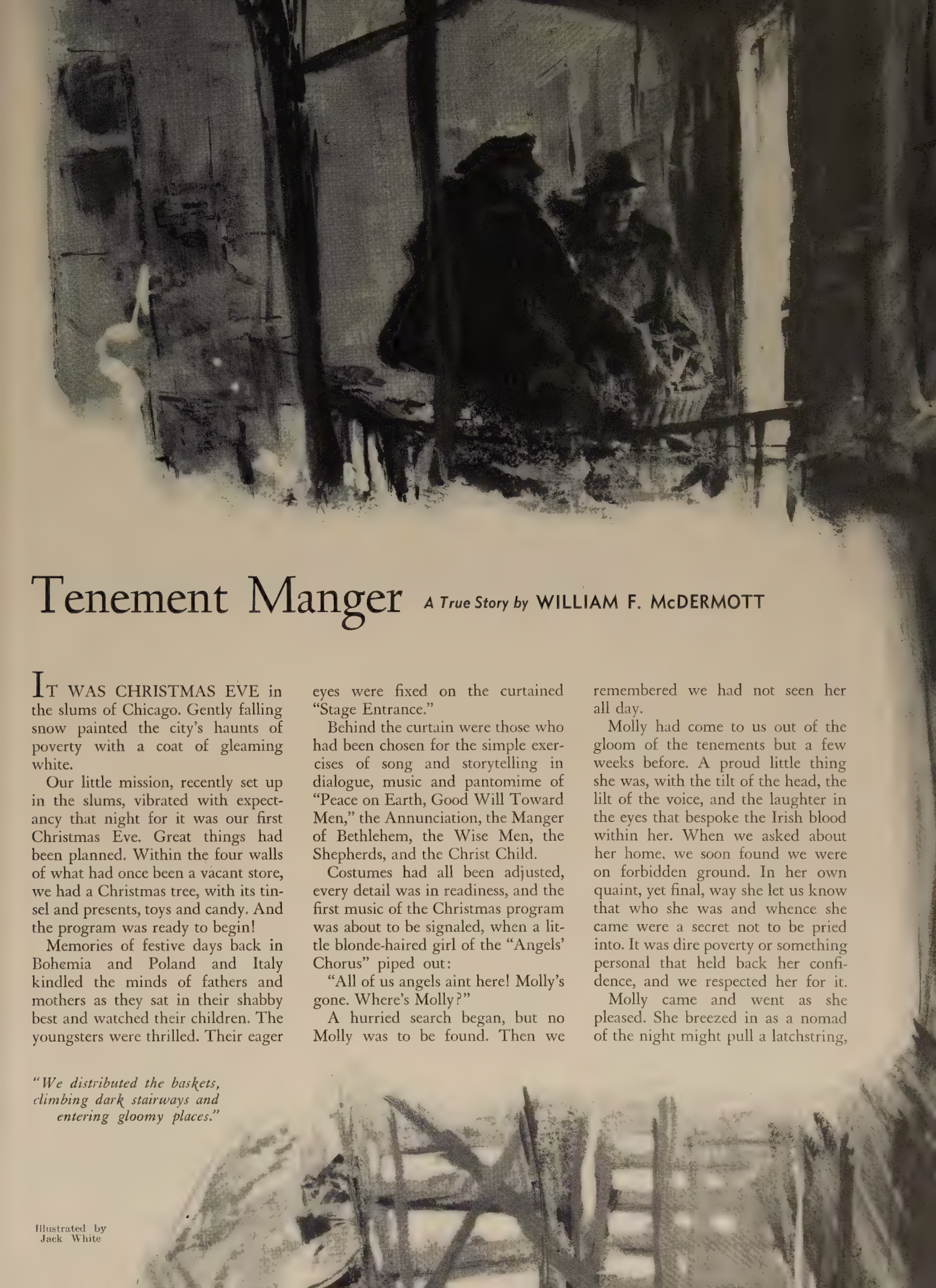
Costumes had all been adjusted, every detail was in readiness, and the first music of the Christmas program was about to be signaled, when a little blonde-haired girl of the "Angels' Chorus" piped out:

"All of us angels aint here! Molly's gone. Where's Molly?"

A hurried search began, but no Molly was to be found. Then we remembered we had not seen her all day.

Molly had come to us out of the gloom of the tenements but a few weeks before. A proud little thing she was, with the tilt of the head, the lilt of the voice, and the laughter in the eyes that bespoke the Irish blood within her. When we asked about her home, we soon found we were on forbidden ground. In her own quaint, yet final, way she let us know that who she was and whence she came were a secret not to be pried into. It was dire poverty or something personal that held back her confidence, and we respected her for it.

Molly came and went as she pleased. She breezed in as a nomad of the night might pull a latchstring,



"We distributed the baskets, climbing dark stairways and entering gloomy places."

Illustrated by Jack White

fling open the door, step in out of the darkness, then make himself at home in a stranger's house. When she slipped away from the mission, she was swallowed up in the swirl of the passing throngs.

But never before had she failed to turn up when she had a part in an event. Now the crowning program of the year was about to begin, no Molly! She with her rippling hair of reddish-gold, her smile, and her array of white was nowhere to be found.

But the rule of the stage that "the show must go on" holds good even for amateur mission theatricals. So another youngster donned Molly's costume and was quickly coached to say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me."

The play ended. Lights were dimmed and then turned off. After a moment of darkness, followed by the click of a switch, an illuminated cross occupied the center of the platform. In softest tones came the melody of *O Little Town of Bethlehem*. Then came the thud of tramping feet. Lines formed for the pilgrimage to the cross. One by one, young and old, knelt in silence, left their "white gifts to the king" and slipped back into the benches.

Lights again blazed. Santa Claus jingled all over the place. There were presents for everybody. And soon the festivities were over.

But Christmas Eve had only begun for us at the mission, because those "white gifts" were groceries, fruits, and meats for those even poorer and hungrier than their donors. Volunteers swiftly packed the baskets with a note of good cheer tucked away.

By this time it was snowing and blowing a gale. The streets were almost deserted as huge drifts were piling up in the silent side streets where the tenements housed sleeping families. But Santa Claus arrived on schedule. He was a chauffeur, hidden to his ears in a fur coat. His sleigh was a limousine lent for the evening.

One by one we distributed the baskets, climbing dark stairways and entering gloomy places. Finally we came to our last basket.

Through an alley and a broken gate we went, then up three flights of rickety steps. It was a rear tenement. Through the frosty and begrimed window we could detect a dim light from an old kerosene lamp! I shaded my hand to the glass for a moment and then knocked.

"Come in!" came in a hesitant voice. A frigid blast of the storm almost swept us inside.

The sight was enough to freeze the soul. It was the most depressing room I have ever seen. A glance revealed that it served as kitchen, dining room, and living room for the whole family and as a sleeping room for some of its members. Two or three chairs were scattered about. On the bare table was half a loaf of bread, and bedraggled covers over a pallet on the floor were the furnishings.

Two youngsters were huddled in bedraggled quilts spread on the floor. An older child had come to the door.

"Would you like a Christmas basket?" we asked. She nodded.

"That's all we've got," she said, pointing to the crusts on the table. "We hoped someone would bring us a basket, but it got so late and no one came that we thought we had been passed by."

We promised to come again, so we moved toward the door. Suddenly the silence was broken by a timid voice seemingly from out of the nowhere. It was a woman speaking.

"Please come in and see my Christmas present!" she called out feebly.

We peered into the back bedroom, saw ragged coverings—heard a cry. Then we realized we were in the presence of the greatest miracle of all—the miracle and mystery of creation. A baby just a few hours old was snuggled to its mother's breast.

A thought flashed through my mind—and I saw again a stable and a manger and a Child new-born. But this was not in Bethlehem of Judea on a starlit night, but in a midnight blizzard in an American tenement.

"This is what Santa Claus brought me!" the mother said as she bravely smiled, barely able to push back the covers. He was a chubby little fellow, and there was just a wisp of a smile on his face.

"We're from the mission," we explained. "You may have heard of it."

"Yes, I—I have," she replied. "You—you have given us a Christmas surprise. Now I—I want to give you one. I want you to meet my nurse and the baby's, too. Come here!"

There was a rustling in the closet, the door slowly opened, and a little face wreathed in reddish-golden hair poked itself out. It was Molly!

"Merry Christmas!" she exclaimed, and flashed us a mysterious warning sign. We puzzled a moment—then we understood.

"How did the Christmas play go off?" she asked.

"Fine," I answered.

"Wish I could have been there," she smiled, a bit impishly, I thought, "but I just couldn't get away."

We had a prayer together at the bedside, asking God to bless mother and babe and to care for them as he had watched over the Mother and her Babe in Bethlehem long ago.

Out through the door we filed, down the shabby steps and out into the deserted street, the storm whirling and swirling about us. But we were oblivious to all of it. By the side of a tenement manger we had found the Christmas Spirit, and as we plowed through the snow drifts we found ourselves exultantly singing, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come. Let earth receive her King!"

We continued to help Molly's family as much as the resources of the mission permitted. But in the course of time our ways parted. With the passing years the incident all but faded from my memory.

A long time later, I was hurrying down a hospital corridor to visit a patient one day when a trim figure in white, with a winsome, pretty face, stopped me.

"Merry Christmas!" she exclaimed. I was startled, because the time was April. But there was something hauntingly familiar about the tilt of the head, the lilt of the voice, and the laughter in the eyes . . . A glimpse of reddish-gold ringlets brought back the memory.

"Molly!" I shouted.

It was her turn: "You couldn't forget, could you?"

"No, never," I answered. "Your mother—and the baby?"

"Mother's fine, and the baby is in high school."

"And you?" I asked.

"I'm an infant welfare nurse," she smiled back. "I didn't get a chance that night at the mission to speak my lines about 'the least of these,' but now I'm *doing* it instead!"

"During my 14 years as chaplain to criminals, I learned much about the strange clouds that hover over the minds of these men. Religion often helps dispel the clouds."

The Criminal Insane

They Need Religion Too

By JOHN B. OMAN, Pastor, Wesley Methodist Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

THE largest check I ever received as a minister was slipped into my hand one day at the conclusion of the worship service.

"I know how underpaid you men are, Reverend," my benefactor whispered. "I just want to do a little something to let you know how much we all appreciate your coming here."

The check was made out for $100,000. It was written on a piece of toilet paper and carried the forged signature of the medical director of Trenton (N.J.) state hospital for the criminal insane.

Many such things happened during my 14 years as a chaplain to both the criminal insane and the ordinary, so-called sane criminal. Long ago I learned to expect the unexpected. But more important, I learned much about the strange clouds that hover over the minds of these men and how religion often helps in dispelling these clouds.

My congregation was made up of murderers, thieves, sex deviates, forgers—men guilty of almost every conceivable crime. Some were mentally ill when they committed these crimes; others became mentally ill while in prison.

One inmate believed he was the world's most noted news commentator. Whenever he stood before his invisible microphone, every radio station, every television station in the world interrupted its program to put him on the air—he thought. Another stood at his window each morning, commanding the sun to rise. He had only to point to the dawn to prove his power. And another, convinced he was God, considered me his personal representative.

I was, in fact, God's representative. My role was to bring the therapy of religion to these confused, inadequate, immature men. And it was a challenge from the lips of a hardened criminal, once a mental patient himself, that caused me to become a chaplain to the criminal insane.

His name was Harry. I met him while I was making the rounds in the state prison. He was a black-haired, quick-moving, slender, little

man, and he glowered at me when he spoke.

"Chaplain, when I was nuts, you didn't come near me. Do you know there are over 200 other guys up there who have gone crazy and would like to see a preacher?"

Harry's verbal explosion shook me to my foundations. I'll always be grateful to him for opening my eyes to the needs of the mentally ill.

The first service found me with many doubts about my ability to reach the men with the message I had prepared. I looked into their faces. Many were watching me curiously. Others were looking at me—or rather *through* me—without seeing me, as their minds explored unknown realms.

The first service found me with out an organist. I asked for a volunteer—and got one. He was a middle-aged man, who came forward with great dignity. With professional flourish he took his seat at the organ. Then he began to pump the bellows madly, beating wildly at all the keys.

"I've wanted to do that all my life," he giggled as the attendants took him away.

For the great majority of the criminal insane, there is hope. Religion helps, working hand in hand with such scientific approaches as treatments, occupational and recreational therapy.

Trenton state hospital, one of the nation's outstanding institutions, is a pleasant place with magnificent trees, winding drives and walks, athletic fields, and imposing buildings.

But the criminal insane building, a big brick structure, has a jail-like atmosphere. There necessary precaution against suicide and escape requires locked doors and barred windows which, unfortunately, give it an architectural approach to prison status.

My flock at the hospital had its share of highly individualistic "characters," of course. One man insisted on repeating the Lord's Prayer one word behind all the others. He did this because he wanted to attract attention. He wanted to be the star. There are many sane people who have the same compulsion.

The most effective technique I learned, both for my benefit and that of the patients, was to humbly ask myself, "How must he feel in order to act as he does? How would I have to be feeling if I were to behave like that?"

It can be truly said that the criminal insane are like the rest of us, only more so. The more threatened these patients feel, the harder it is to make contact with them and help them to feel secure. Their more bizarre form of behavior, which the psychiatrists label "psychoses," is simply the same attempt that a more "normal" behavior manifests; an attempt of the human psyche to cope with a pre-conceived threat to the idea of self. A criminal insane patient's actions must be understood by the way he sees things. To him his behavior is understandable; in another's terms it seems to be irrational or "sick."

When a criminal insane person is mentally disturbed, he does not readily perceive his responsibility in an atmosphere of moral reproach. Therefore, the inmate may need words of comfort and the expression of friendliness more than any other one thing. To have faith in him can cause him to have faith in himself.

These years' experience as chaplain to the criminal insane taught me that the way to help them (or any patient with a problem) is to assist them to see their problems differently, to restate them in solvable terms.

I soon came to the conclusion that my job was to help blot out the "in-between" period in their lives; to start again with their very childhood, then step over the rest to the present with an eye on God and the future. The response? Unbelievably heartening! They have requested personal interviews and counseling. They have asked me to pray for them. I have seen many of these accept Christ and return to the world as good citizens.

This miracle over the mind and spirit worked on a professional man who poured out his tragic and unforgettable story to me after he became an inmate. He had been a respected and successful career man with every reason to be contented with his lot in life. Yet, he left his engineering office one afternoon, returned to his home, killed his wife and daughter, and returned to work as if nothing had happened.

"I remembered nothing for three days," he declared. During this period of blackout, before he realized what he had done, he had spent his evenings at home as usual. His mind chose to ignore the fact that the woman and girl were dead. Finally he began to realize what he had done. A few years ago this man was paroled and, now cured, is working in another state.

Behind each member of my congregation is a record of serious crime against society—yet I have seen these men display acts of kindness, generosity, sympathy and good humor.

Most members of my congregation did want to attend the Sunday morning services. They enjoyed singing the old songs they had learned as children in happier days. They knew God was there within those grim walls. They came to hear about him, to find comfort in his presence. Their numerous requests for Baptism and Holy Communion convinced me of that.

The singing of hymns is looked upon by many psychologists and psychiatrists as the most therapeutic part of a religious service. A universal favorite of the inmates was *The Old Rugged Cross.* In the past, many had torn this song from the hymnal and carried the page with them at all times. They seemed to take pride in possession of this song, to find solace in its message. The

SHEPHERDS
ABIDING IN THE FIELD

These are the quiet ones of earth
Who tread the far blue hill
And lead, with gentle hands, a flock
By waters cool and still.
At night in comradeship with stars
They watch Orion pace
The heaven's arc — while wisdom grows
In solitude and space.

To such as these, attuned to peace,
With quiet hearts and eyes,
May come a sense of winged hosts
And singing skies.

—Leslie Savage Clark

practice of mutilating the hymnals stopped after individual copies of *The Old Rugged Cross* were distributed and I told the men that they might keep them if they desired to do so.

Most of the inmates had heard Frankie Lane sing *I Believe* over the recreation-room raido. They liked it, and one of the fellows asked me if they could sing it in chapel.

I agreed to the idea and got the sheet music for the organist and violinist. I built my sermon around the title, telling the story of a dog named Cal that belonged to an Army Air Force sergeant. The sergeant made a little parachute for his dog and strapped it on him. Then he and Cal were flown 5,000 feet into the air. The sergeant jumped out of the plane and pulled his rip cord. As he jumped he whistled and said, "Here, Cal, come, follow me, boy." Without any hesitation the dog jumped out into space after his master.

"That dog," I told the inmates, "knew nothing about parachutes, but he did believe in his master."

As I was shaking hands with the men at the door at the close of the service, one of the patients, who usually seemed far out in "left field" (an institutional expression used when referring to those who seemed to be completely out of touch with reality) said,

"You're right, Reverend; it must have been mighty pleasing to the sergeant when his dog believed in him so much. I'm sure I would be much more pleasing to my Master if I had faith even as small as a mustard seed."

Such illustrations seemed effective in bringing Christ's message to the men. I found the inmates wanted sermons which applied to their own lots in life. So I preached on such subjects as "Don't Serve Time, Let Time Serve You" and "Just Why Am I Here?"

A popular series was on the men in the Bible who served time—Joseph charged with rape; the man who pleaded guilty—one of the thieves crucified with Christ. And it was St. Paul, I said, who "pulled time in about all the county jails of his day."

Looking back on those 14 years convinces me that true religion does often lead even the criminal insane toward that way of life which is best suited to human happiness, progress, and service. It has much to offer them in faith and loyalty to one's fellow man. It contributes to abundant, mature, happy and healthy living—physically, mentally and spiritually.

So, the mental hospital is not necessarily the "end of the line," and there is hope for most who are patients in such an institution.

I felt relatively safe with these men, although I always took the precaution of asking the attendant to be especially watchful at the Holy Communion services, for I would have to kneel in prayer with my back to the congregation.

There was one ever-present danger, of course. Inmates trying to escape would find a clergyman to be an excellent hostage.

To be an effective spiritual leader, the chaplain to the criminal must at all times maintain a sympathetic relationship with the men. He can always accept another person even though he does not necessarily accept his behavior.

A criminal insane patient has a memory. He likes to have visitors. He doesn't want to think that he is forgotten. Often he wonders what is happening to his relatives and friends. He worries about the bills that aren't being paid. And he often wonders how his family and friends will treat him when he gets out.

The mental patient has emotions, too. He can feel love for God and he can be reverent.

This came home to me forcibly shortly before I left Trenton to become pastor of Wesley Methodist Church in Minneapolis. One inmate, who had been an alcoholic, requested an interview one day just before Easter. In a fumbling, uncertain way he held out a package to me.

"I thought maybe you'd like to hang this in your study," he said.

The package contained a beautiful cross. It had been woven together from the torn pages of many magazines. It was lacquered until it shone as if with holy light. The inmate had spent scores of hours on this labor of love and, as I write, that beautiful little cross hangs above my desk.

The Day My Religion Meant Most to Me

Gerald Kennedy, bishop, Los Angeles Area.

We invite you to share with other readers of TOGETHER your own personal story of religion-in-life.

Manuscripts will be judged on content—not literary style. The three best will be published in TOGETHER.

This contest is open to laymen, their wives and children (but also wives and children of ministers). Judges will be two well-known Methodist laymen and a Methodist bishop pictured here.

Felix McKnight, managing editor, *Dallas Morning News*.

Your manuscript must be typed, double spaced. It should be identified as a contest entry, with your name, address, and church affiliation. It should be sent to the Essay Editor at TOGETHER not later than February 15, 1957. No entries can be returned unless sufficient postage is enclosed. All winners will become TOGETHER's property. Judges' decisions will be final.

First prize is $250; second prize, $150; third prize, $100. There also will be five honorable-mention prizes of $25 each.

Lowell Thomas, author and radio commentator

He was lonely until he discovered . . .

A Strange Way

By CHANNING POLLOCK
Late author and playwright

I HAD THIS story from a typist who did my copying and filing throughout the half dozen years before the war.

Ann Stokes—which wasn't her name—had formerly been assistant secretary to a broker we'll call Niles Putnam. She was a quiet, efficient, gray-haired woman of about 50.

Putnam seemed to have been made of the granite of his native Vermont. Orphaned in boyhood, he had worked for a farmer, saved enough to get to New York, where he sold newspapers, then ran errands for a bank.

After that, he was a clerk in a brokerage firm, and, after four decades of hard work and relentless parsimony, he established his brokerage firm. It was known to be very successful.

Putnam's life had been dedicated to work; he had never played or gone to a party, and probably hadn't any real friends. He wasn't a bad sort—far from it, Miss Stokes insisted—but he'd been so busy getting ahead that he'd had no time for anything else. He lived at his club, and rarely went anywhere else except to his office, day after day.

At 65, Putnam had a substantial fortune, a troublesome heart, and very little else. He was tall, lean, white-haired and profusely wrinkled, with pale gray eyes. "Mr. Putnam never spoke harshly to anyone," Miss Stokes said. "He merely seemed unaware of our existence." When awareness was forced upon him, he could behave very well. He often gave money to charity, but always anonymously.

Miss Stokes worked long hours, and at the end of a particularly trying summer she was compelled to consult a physician. A week later she went to a hospital for an operation. When she returned, she was weak, shaky, and given to tears without any special reason. One day Putnam said to her, "You're ill. You ought to go away for a while."

"On what?" Miss Stokes answered. "Every penny I had has been spent for doctors and nurses." That ended the conversation, and apparently her employer forgot the matter.

While strolling clubward from his office the next afternoon, the broker came to a church just as a group of professional pallbearers were carrying their burden toward the hearse. The coffin was bare; Putnam noticed that there were no flowers and apparently no mourners. Only two vehicles stood at the curb—the hearse and a car for the undertaker's men. On the steps of the church stood a young minister. Jarred out of his customary reticence, the broker said, "Wasn't there anyone at this funeral?"

"Not a soul," the minister replied. "I believe the man was a stranger in the city."

"So am I," Putnam reflected, as he resumed his walk. "Who would go to *my* funeral? The people in the office, of course, but there's no one who really cares whether I live or die. As a matter of fact, why *should* they?"

On Fifth Avenue he glanced at the show window of a tourist agency in which were the model of a ship and an announcement of a Caribbean cruise. "A month in the sunshine should do wonders for Miss Stokes," he thought, and dismissed the idea. But his rooms at the club seemed suddenly empty, and his mind kept going back to the man who had been "a stranger in the city."

The next morning Putnam stopped at the travel agency. An hour later he called Miss Stokes into his office. "Here's a ticket for a southern cruise," he said, brusquely, "and a book of travelers' checks. The boat sails Saturday. A month's rest ought to fix you up."

Miss Stokes stared in astonishment, and then the tears came.

"What can I ever do for you?" she managed to say.

"Promise to go to my funeral," Putnam replied, strangely and very seriously.

That month of sun and sea did wonders for Miss Stokes. Tanned and completely restored, she went back to her desk and to an employer who asked whether she'd had a good time and was all right again, but evidently wished to let it go at that. Nevertheless, she told me, he did seem "a bit more human."

Many of the office force commented on the fact. Emerging from Putnam's sanctum one day, his assistant confided to her, "The head of one of those charity organizations for down-and-outers to which he contributes invited him to visit them—and he's accepted. What do you think of that!"

In the months that followed, Miss Stokes noticed that men who could hardly have been customers or business associates frequently called in the late afternoon, and Putnam received them graciously. It was evident that Putnam had at last discovered that there were other people in the world, and that he liked them.

He had begun by enjoying having done something for Miss Stokes, and then, like a child tasting candy for the first time, he had bitten into the sweet again and again to renew the pleasurable sensation. Instructing a secretary to send a check had been one thing, but actual contact with human beings—men and women surprisingly like himself, who could be helped—was evidently far more gratifying.

Putnam was growing old and less vigorous and self-sufficient. A solitary

to Make Friends

"A month in the sunshine should do wonders for Miss Stokes," thought Putnam.

room in a hotel or a club that may hold out its arms to a young man turns its back on an elderly one. His life had been devoted to making money, and it had bought very little worthwhile. There was no point in making more, and he retired in 1936. Miss Stokes then came to work for me.

Putnam was no longer a recluse, but went out almost constantly. I often saw him at dinner parties, theaters, and lectures. Always he seemed in good spirits. And then, one day, while climbing a long flight of stairs in a tenement to visit a poor family whom he had helped, he died of a heart attack.

Miss Stokes returned from the funeral service in a mid-town church very red-eyed, and yet almost happy, it seemed to me.

"The church was packed to the doors," she said, "and there were a lot of old and rather shabby men and women standing outside. The altar looked like a garden. I don't think I ever saw so many beautiful flowers, or so many people at a funeral!"

MIDMONTH POWWOW

IS SANTA CLAUS OVERWORKED?

YES: Believes Grace E. Huck

NOT LONG AGO I overheard a first-grade girl and her little friend discussing Santa Claus.

"Of course Santa is real," the first grader declared. "He is what makes you want to give gifts at Christmas time. We are all Santa Clauses."

That child had a finer view of Christmas than most adults. It gives Christians cause to pause and consider what is happening to the real meaning of Christmas.

To many Americans, Santa Claus is Christmas. We encourage children to believe that Christmas-and-Santa mean presents for themselves. Too few think of Christmas as the gift of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Yes, poor old Santa Claus is being overworked! And, actually, the so-called "spirit" of Santa is of doubtful Christian basis. Are we not attributing to another the thing which belongs to Christ? Are we not rendering unto Caesar that which belongs to God?

The origin of Santa Claus goes back to southwestern Turkey. There, in the 4th century, lived a much beloved and deeply loving bishop named Nicholas. So many were his deeds of generosity that he became a tradition as Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of school boys and, later, of all children.

What would the original Nicholas think of today's Santa Claus? It is doubtful if he would know himself, even more doubtful that he would be at all happy with the creature he has become.

In America, Santa Claus has become a device to promote sales even among those who have long ceased to believe in him. The major emphasis of the Santa-Claus-centered Christmas is asking, getting, receiving. In our day, it would appear, old St. Nick has become a sort of benign "pagan deity" as unrelated to Christianity as witches at Halloween.

Yes, our emphasis on Santa Claus is in complete contrast to the life and spirit of Christ whose birthday we are celebrating. That brings up the question: "Shall we have a Santa Claus at our church Christmas program?" The church of which I am pastor once had the traditional Santa Claus. He brought sacks of candy to the children. But two years ago we started to observe Christmas more in keeping with the Christian spirit. Each child was asked to bring a gift for one less fortunate than himself.

It was something to see! Among the children there grew a joy and gladness that never accompanied the coming of the bewhiskered old gentleman in red. True, the excitement —something mingled with fear—that accompanies the waiting for and the entrance of Santa Claus was missing. In its place was a happiness and joy of giving, of sharing, and of helping that brought to Christmas something of its real meaning.

As a parent, you may say: "I don't want to rob my child of the fun of Santa Claus." Well, think for a moment. Which is the more serious—to rob your child of Santa or to rob him of Christ?

Of course, it is impossible to ignore Santa in a culture in which he is a dominating figure for nearly two months out of every twelve. Banish him, we cannot. Allow him to dominate Christmas, we dare not.

There is no easy answer to the problem of putting Santa into his proper role. The first step to be taken by Christian churchmen and parents is to realize what is happening and why. I believe we have done that, so our next step is one of positive action.

We must seek a new and deeper meaning of Christmas for ourselves. We must receive Christ with all the implications of his Lordship in our lives.

We could well omit Santa Claus entirely in our churches. He will make a large enough impact without our help. Then, by centering all our thought and activity on the birth of Christ, we can make Christmas truly a holy day. This we can do by

centering our activities in the church where they rightly belong at that time.

This religious theme should be carried into the home. There the Christmas story in all its beauty can be portrayed by pictures, through the telling of the Christmas story, the dramatization of it by the children. A crèche may be placed in a central place in the home. Christmas carols centering around the birth of Christ may be sung.

The giving rather than receiving of gifts brings *real* happiness to children. Every child will enjoy helping make gifts for other members of the family. He should also be encouraged to share in a family project to help someone from whom there can be no hope of receiving.

Nothing real or valuable is lost in emphasizing the true meaning of Christmas. The story of Saint Nicholas is a beautiful and inspiring one. Tell it to your small child, rather than foster the myth that Santa Claus lives at the North Pole and drives his reindeer all over the world on Christmas night. The truth later on can be heart-breaking.

Yes, Santa Claus is overworked. But he needn't be!

GRACE HUCK . . . second woman to get full clergy rights in The Methodist Church, is now assistant pastor at Fargo, N.D.

WEBB GARRISON . . . ex-assistant dean of Emory University's School of Theology, is with the Methodist Board of Education.

NO: Says Webb Garrison

MOST SUPPORT for St. Nick has centered in the plea that he be saved for the sake of the children.

That's nonsense! We need to preserve Santa Claus, all right. But not so much for the youngsters as for their parents and other adults.

Children are warmly imaginative. Their lives are fertile and creative. They refuse to permit elders to confine them to a stodgy, matter-of-fact world in which ticker tapes are more significant than rainbows. If older kids and parents didn't tell them about Santa Claus, they'd invent him —or someone like him.

Grownups are different.

You and I have reached maturity in an era of self-confidence. We tend to agree with that current advertising slogan: "Progress is our most important product," without stopping to ponder whether we are making progress in the things that really matter—or whether progress, itself, is actually a "product."

To a very large degree, we've skimmed off faith, squeezed out mystery. Absorbed in our daily routines, we seldom stop to wonder at the magnificent riddles of God's universe. Having nothing left to drink except life's thin whey, we develop rickets of the spirit—but we don't realize it.

Do you see the real root of the Santa Claus issue? We adults have created a world in which Santa Claus of the spirit can't survive.

We're so devoted to the things we can see and feel that we are suspicious of intangible qualities. We bow down at the shrine of the inch and the ton and—especially—that magic symbol, m.p.h. It is a cardinal principle of much modern thought that anything real can be weighed, analyzed, and tested until its working can be reduced to a mathematical equation.

Hold on a bit!

Who ever succeeded in measuring a pint of mother's love . . . or a yard of fidelity . . . a pound of courage . . . a gallon of hope? Who can find a formula to account for the heart's leap of an adolescent experiencing her first crush, the mature mutual trust of man and wife, or the tender thrill that comes from anonymous giving?

Only a particular set of values—a special way of looking at life—can produce those realities of the spirit which are beyond weighing and measuring and touching. Santa Claus is such a reality. He can help us adults escape from the threadbare world of *things* into a radiant realm of *wonder*—if we let him. Any man or woman who succeeds in staying there for any length of time is transformed into a poet, philosopher, musician, or seer.

Peter Pan's creator was no addlepated sentimentalist. He was a clear-minded, hard-thinking craftsman whose greatest asset was his ability to

Herods and Shepherds

by ROY L. SMITH

SOMEONE, in a highly fanciful mood, has described a mass meeting in heaven. It was attended by the babies destined to be born during 1957.

It seems that a long series of disquieting rumors had got about, concerning the world into which they were doomed to be born.

"They tell me," one infant orator shouted, "that four out of five of us are going to begin life in the midst of hunger, disease, and ignorance."

"I have heard even worse things," exclaimed another. "The word has come back to me of mothers who do not want us; of fathers who will desert us; of great governments that will make us no better than cogs in a machine."

"Everything you have reported is true," a fourth little one declared, very solemnly. "I have the word on the very best of authority. Evil and terrible men lie in wait for us. They will undertake to entrap us with all manner of mental, bodily, and spiritual poisons."

"It must be a terrible world," they all chorused. "What can we do about it?"

"Let's refuse to be born!" someone shouted. And at once all of heaven was filled with the frantic cries of the children.

Then, into their midst, came the Son of God who had, himself, been born into the world more than nineteen hundred years before. And because they all loved him, they quieted and listened while he spoke.

"Yes, it is in many ways a terrible world," the Son of Man said. "I know. When I was born of Mary, of Nazareth, a king named Herod was waiting for me with a sword. Only because I was spirited away by my parents was I saved from his butchery.

"But Herod was not the only one who awaited me. Out on the fields of Bethlehem there were good shepherds who prayed for the deliverance of their people. They came to the stable to pay me their humble homage.

"And there were plain people who listened to me with the greatest of respect—vast multitudes of them. They believed in me, and loved me. They did not do it perfectly, but they tried, and our Father blessed them.

"As I look down on the world into which you must be born, I can still see the Herods. But the reason I have never given the world up is because of the good shepherds. They are the meek of the earth, and little by little they are taking it over. There's a small victory here, and a still smaller one yonder. But in time all the victories added together will make a great victory.

"Something happened to them that night when they stood about my manger—something they have never forgotten. They took hope, and as long as my story is told their hopes will never die.

"If I were you, I would consent to be born. I would go down and hunt up the shepherds, and join with them. It will be a difficult life, and you will suffer many defeats. But because the Father and I believe in you, you will sometime win the victory, and our Kingdom will be set up among them."

Then, with a mighty shout, the little ones declared: "We *will* be born!" And as they departed, Jesus said, "If any man offend one of these little ones, it were better that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

portray truths that can't be analyzed in a laboratory.

Lewis Carroll, creator of the Alice who blundered into an immortal Wonderland, ranked high among scholars of his day. He taught mathematics, pondered the theory of relativity. Yet he found life's most precious meaning in regions that thing-bound minds dismiss as fanciful.

Clement C. Moore won fame because he believed in Santa Claus so vividly he could write "The Night Before Christmas." No other-worldly visionary, Dr. Moore was president of Columbia College.

It is true, of course, that Santa Claus has been abused by commercializers of the Christmas season. But old St. Nick really stands for the shimmering idea that unexpected and marvelous things can—and will—happen to us.

No one can put this Spirit of Christmas under a microscope or pour ten cubic centimeters of it into a test tube. "Therefore," conclude many who consider themselves hard realists, "Santa Claus doesn't exist. When parents encourage their children to accept so primitive a legend, they foster a superstitious approach to life."

What a sad mistake!

Until it is rubbed off by harsh sandpaper-strokes of adult thought, boys and girls have natural ability to see glories in the most prosaic events. Their open-eyed wonder is the opposite of adulthood's dreary routines. It recognizes that life is vital, fresh, exhilarating as a breeze. It includes a sense of expectancy—confidence that new joys lie just around yonder curve in the road, that zestful opportunities are strewn along life's path.

This, then, is the true spirit of Santa Claus—the spirit of youth. And that is why you can have a finer Christmas—and more meaningful tomorrows—through cultivation of wonder, faith, love, joy, open expectancy, and other qualities linked with belief in Santa.

In correcting Christmas abuses, we must not destroy one of the most important intangibles that give Christmas its eternal meaning.

Listen! The wise wee-ones are calling their elders: "Hurry quickly! Santa Claus has something good for you, too!"

Have You a Little Thief in Your Home?

By NELLIE BRIGHTON

IN A BUSY STORE, a friend of mine recently saw two well-dressed little girls steal candy. When she glimpsed their faces, she was shocked.

"Those girls are friends of my daughter," she told me. "Now I can't help wondering: Will they influence my Mary?"

Frankly, my friend has cause to wonder. The child who can be easily influenced to steal becomes a serious problem in family life. I know, because I was once a little thief. Before I was 11, I stole just about anything I wanted, whether I needed it or not.

Perhaps my story will help many of you who face this problem in the home. I know that my experiences as a little thief have helped my husband and me avoid this problem with our own son.

The boy at our home is not all-angel by any means. He is all-boy. So if we discovered our purses lighter because of him, we would not resign ourselves hopelessly to shame and failure. Nor would we avoid the blow to parental pride by pretending to notice nothing. We wouldn't take out our chagrin by "disowning" the culprit. We'd do all we could to discover the cause—then wisely correct it.

Psychologists tell us we come into the world as amoral beings. In other words, moral responsibility must be learned. Possessiveness seems to be instinctive in infants. Often their attitude is: What is mine is mine—and what is yours is mine, too! But with proper training in the home, children learn to respect the rights of others.

My mother was as honest a Methodist as ever lived. She believed that what is right is right—and that was that.

I recall how she once argued with a street-car conductor who refused to believe, because I was small for my age, that I was old enough to pay a fare. My father would walk miles to return a dime given erroneously in change.

If my parents hadn't died when I was small, I might not have been so easily persuaded to steal. But I had already taken the step. I began when I acquired a stepmother. I was afraid of her, but I wasn't afraid to snitch cookies and other delicacies when she wasn't looking.

After my father died, my stepmother put me out to board with a family who had a girl one year older than I. She taught me to steal from the Piggly-Wiggly store where we walked out with many a candy bar dropped into an umbrella or paper sack.

We victimized the dime stores, too, usually swiping doll clothes. To satisfy our sweet tooth—or perhaps to "get even" with someone—we became second-story girls. We often climbed over a gable roof and down again through a window into the bedroom of two old ladies who usually had a box of fancy chocolates. We'd take what we wanted from the bottom layer, shake the box to hide the holes, and return by way of the high roof.

I said I stole just about everything I wanted. The exception was money. But my friend, I knew, frequently took cash from her mother's purse. For some reason the idea shocked me. But I didn't mind sharing whatever the money bought.

We were never caught. No one seemed even to suspect us. I was fortunate enough to reform before the inevitable discovery of my thievery.

My reformation dates from a Good Friday service I attended when I was 11. Perhaps it was early home training by honest parents which finally triumphed. Certainly my misdeeds bore upon my conscience. At any rate, during that service I heard the voice of God telling me to mend my ways.

After that, I never stole again. My example had a wonderful effect on my friend. Before long she quit stealing, too. We found new pride in pointing out how easily some displayed treasure might have been palmed in passing. We found a genuine thrill in resisting the temptation.

Now I have no illusion that my son never faces the same problem. But I've tried to teach him the pride and satisfaction that go with honesty.

When my son had his pen or ruler stolen at school, I told him I'd rather "you lost everything than to be the one who steals." But at the same time I have tried to help him understand how the pressures of poverty, anger, or lax moral training sometimes result in dishonesty.

My husband and I encourage our son to realize that possession is not a casual

NEW YEAR PRAYER

Another year! Where has the last one gone?
What happened to my dreams, so brave and fine?
The small, insidious, daily drains upon
My strength have somehow worn away the shine.
But now, O Lord, again I'm given a year
As bright and new as any year could be. . . .
I pray that I may keep it shining bright
Until, with pride, I give it back to thee.

—HELEN WATERMAN

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio and Film Commission

Best Things in Life Are Free (20th Century Fox) ***Family*** (+)

The era of the Charleston and Black Bottom becomes the background for a parade of all-time hit songs composed by DeSilva, Brown and Henderson (played by Gordon MacRae, Ernest Borgnine, and Dan Dailey). Some of the most famous tunes in American popular music, including *Birth of the Blues, It All Depends on You, Sunny Side Up,* and the title song are presented in a bright and sprightly fashion.

Between Heaven and Hell (20th Century Fox) ***Adults, Youth*** (+)

Gruesome battle scenes, a psychopathic commanding officer (Broderick Crawford), a lieutenant who gets the jitters under fire, an arrogant cotton gin owner (Robert Wagner), and a share cropper (Buddy Ebsen) are the human elements in a film that shows the meanness of war.

Julie (MGM) ***Adults, Youth*** (+)

Actress Doris Day runs for her life from Louis Jourdan, who plays the part of her psychopathic husband. It all adds up to considerable excitement.

Last Wagon (20th Century) ***Adults, Youth*** (+)

Richard Widmark, a white man turned Indian, seeks revenge for the death of his wife and children. This film contains some harsh brutality, but the Arizona scenery is fascinating.

Lust for Life (MGM) ***Adults, Youth*** (+)

The artistic genius of Van Gogh (played by Kirk Douglas) is presented with sympathy and deep understanding in this magnificently beautiful film. Many of Van Gogh's priceless paintings are shown, making the film rich in color.

The Opposite Sex (MGM) ***Adults*** (—)

This is a remake, with music, of a 1939 film originally made from *The Women,* a Clare Boothe stage success. It shows a set of rich and idle wives who spend their time either cheating on their husbands or talking about women who do. The so-called humor will be enjoyed only by those who cannot comprehend the basic tragedy of such a meaningless and immoral existence.

Power and the Prize (MGM) ***Adults, Youth*** (+)

Robert Taylor and Balladeer Burl Ives co-star in a story of international business intrigue. An interesting film with philosophical overtones.

Secrets of the Reef (Marine) ***Family*** (+)

This movie is the result of three years of camera work on the bottom of the ocean. No human characters are featured, but the film shows some intensely interesting scenes of marine life.

Solid Gold Cadillac (Columbia) ***Family*** (+)

Judy Holiday, the owner of ten shares of company stock, wants to know why the managers' salaries are so large. She asks embarrassing questions, and to quiet her, officials put her on the payroll as director of a nonexistent department of small stockholders-relations. But Judy fools them!

Tea and Sympathy (MGM) ***Adults*** (—)

A widely discussed Broadway success brought to the screen with Deborah Kerr as an unloved schoolmaster's wife and John Kerr as a student who gets the nickname of "Sister-boy" because he is different. The ensuing moral tragedy lacks real validity.

Toward the Unknown (Warner Brothers) ***Family*** (+)

The testing of new jet planes by Air Force pilots is the basis of a film that is filled with good characterization as well as incredible records of men's conquest of time and space. William Holden is excellent as the officer who weakened under Communist brainwashing in Korea.

Vagabond King (Paramount) ***Adults, Youth*** (+)

A lively, lavish production of the well-known Rudolf Friml operetta. Kathryn Grayson and Oreste sing the lead parts.

thing. The mother who would never dream of stealing an egg from the market wears, without asking, her daughter's coat; gives away Junior's skates to the rummage sale without his permission; or goes through Father's wallet for spending money.

Parents, we feel, should set an example to their children of respect for property rights. For one of the prime methods whereby children learn is imitation.

As an adult working with hundreds of children, I occasionally find one whose hand has strayed to a playmate's desk or pocket. Instead of punishing, I've tried to understand his motive, and to help him satisfy his needs in better ways.

Having to do without things isn't enough, by itself, to bring on delinquency. The little thief can grow in a wealthy neighborhood as often as in the slums.

I recall one beautiful little girl in the church-school class I teach who began holding back her offering money to buy candy. She had plenty of candy at home, so it was not a craving for sweets. The answer lay in a social need. Her classmates sometimes bought candy and passed "bites" around. The sheltered child was not allowed to buy "junk"—so she kept her nickels to treat her friends after church school.

One mother told me about the day her son was arrested.

"I had caught Jerry stealing before, and at least five times had made him return things and apologize," she said. "But this was the first time he had been caught by the police. The policeman's attitude was really very constructive. Before sending Jerry home, he advised him never to go into a store again when he didn't have spending money."

Children like Jerry may steal simply for revenge against "stingy elders." Jerry, after his experience with the policeman, may never steal again, but he will have a hard time living down his past.

Children who pilfer have problems of their own—sometimes rooted in unsuspectedly deep frustrations. Irreparable injury can be done to a sensitive, growing personality by inconsiderate, harsh punishment. We should be slow to judge—but quick to understand.

Why, even I—as a mature woman—could have been the victim of a curious coincidence. Once when I opened my umbrella at home, out dropped a pack of lace handkerchiefs. How they got there I shall never know. But suppose I had spread my umbrella as I left a department store!

"What about that toll call to San Diego?" Mrs. Wilson, of the faculty, checks charges with student switchboard assistant, Jane Gerow (right).

At Hollywood High

THREE 'Rs' AND AN 'S' FOR SERVICE

By Ruth Mulvey Harmer

KIDS MAKE wonderful citizens if you show them the way. Proof is a 35-year-old experiment at Hollywood High School in California, where an investment in trust and time has paid off astronomical dividends for the students, the school, the community, and the nation.

The underlying philosophy of Hollywood High ranks "S" for service on a par with any of the traditional "Rs." The community and the school are closely bound by respect and affection; they have made outstanding contributions to the nation, both in war and in peace.

Service has been a part of the school program since 1922, when William H. Snyder, then principal, hit upon it as an experiment in practical citizenship. Hollywood High was to be a microscopic democracy —in spirit and in fact. Under the supervision of Doctor Snyder and his staff, the students would set up their own government, formulate their own constitution, manage school funds, and generally conduct their own affairs.

Although other schools had attempted similar plans, Hollywood High was among the first to establish a Service Club through which the students might make a contribution to the school in an organized way. The concept was simple: any pupil who was passing in all his subjects and who wished to sacrifice his daily study period might join. During that hour he would work in the office, library, student store, or wherever help was needed. No credit would be given, no money paid.

The youngsters responded *en masse*. Of the more than 100 who applied for an opportunity to work, 50 who could spare time from their schoolwork were chosen. Almost overnight the idea of service became a way of school life, with everyone wanting to help. In the years since then, the unusual spirit of helpfulness has become a basic philosophy of the school.

Like all public schools, Hollywood High has been given vast responsibilities and little money to carry them out. Besides teaching academic subjects, it must provide vocational training and guidance, health services, and recreation. Paper work alone takes hundreds of school hours, and there is little money to hire assistants who might free teachers from the burden of routine chores. Hollywood High's enthusiastic kids have helped solve this problem through their Service Club. "We couldn't do the job without the Service Club," the

Principal Perry pays the student cafeteria cashier. . . . Reporters get assignments from Chuck Lazerus for the school newspaper.

present principal, Harold E. Perry, admits frankly.

Last year 200 youngsters with average and superior grades contributed 20,000 hours of skilled help to the school as typists, secretaries, laboratory assistants, librarians, telephone operators, file clerks, motion picture projectionists, messengers, and assistants in other fields.

"We've never tried to calculate the dollars and cents of the youngsters' contributions," Perry says. "And neither have they. Many of the boys and girls work for pay after school and during vacations, but in all these years not one has ever suggested that he be given a dime or a credit for services rendered here."

Like Perry, the staff is grateful for the help. Mrs. Sondheim Webb, who teaches chemistry, says, "My schedule of four classes, followed by two hours of counseling, leaves little free time for setting up demonstrations and preparing for laboratory classes. Help with these chores, which take as much as a full 54-minute period every day, is now given by a Service Club member." Ralph Burleigh, chairman of the science department, says that the work done by club members has enabled him and his colleagues to devote more of their time to actual teaching.

Miss Lorena V. Buck, director of physical education, is equally enthusiastic. She receives assistance from two Service Club members every hour. One supervises a rest room for students who are indisposed, and the other acts as life guard at the pool. "We would need two full-time teachers to replace them," she claims.

Nonteaching staffers tell the same story. The school's financial manager, Don Crandall, operates the student store and confection counter, and the business office, with the help of 25 students from the Service Club. They also help him in the cafeteria. "Our system is working out fine," he says. "The pupils may not know much about business practices when they start, but they catch on fast."

Helping at the switchboard and in the cafeteria are other greatly appreciated services. Each semester more than a score of girls are trained to operate the central switchboard and the smaller ones installed in four other buildings. Without them, the school would have to hire several full-time operators or curtail telephone service to an almost crippling point. The librarian, the school nurse, the athletic coach—every member of the staff is fervent in his thanks for services rendered.

What of the students themselves? The rewards are not confined solely to the satisfaction of doing something worth while for their school, though that is important. The extra work done by the club members in the science department has helped a number of them to win science talent search awards and university scholarships and grants. Office experience has won jobs for many. But few of the students contribute with a desire for personal gain.

When a recent visitor asked 17-year-old Dorothy Herzstein, a small, sparkling girl who is secretary of Senior A, what reward she had received for putting in five hours a week as a volunteer helper, she said with some awe: "Besides the fun and experience I gained, this job helped me become a member of the Registration Committee." The Registration Committee evolved about ten years ago to help new arrivals feel at home during the first weeks of school.

Students handle their self-governmental responsibilities well, and manage their own finances. They determine how to raise and spend about $20,000 a year. More than half of the money comes from the sale of cards which cost $4 and serve as admission tickets to more than a score

Service clubbers help faculty members at the employment bureau. . . . A teacher (left) shows how to keep counseling records.

of football games and social events.

Determining how the money shall be spent is equally serious business. How much can be afforded for athletic programs, graduation exercises, printing, hospitality. Even welfare is an item, since it has been customary at Hollywood to provide school supplies and sometimes clothing for needy students—anonymously.

"Naturally, I have veto power," Mr. Perry says. "But I have seldom had to exercise it. The kids have shown keen business ability."

Service, however, is not simply an intra-mural affair. It extends beyond the campus, in opportunities available not only to Club members, but to all students. For example, the community has been encouraged to, and often does, call upon the school for aid with various projects. One of the biggest community ventures in Hollywood is the annual Easter sunrise service in the Hollywood Bowl. Every year since it was started, several hundred high school students have reported for work in the chill pre-dawn to act as ushers, members of the choir, and collectors.

Beyond the Hollywood section of Los Angeles the youngsters give service. Each fall they raise from $500 to $750 to maintain a bed in Crippled Children's Hospital—a little crib over which hangs a plaque bearing the Hollywood High motto: "Achieve the Honorable." The occupants have been generally anonymous, but two years ago the students were thrilled when one of the new boys in 10 B rose during an assembly and said: "If it hadn't been for Hollywood High students' generosity, I wouldn't be here today. I wouldn't be walking." A polio victim some years before, he had been one of the occupants of the crib.

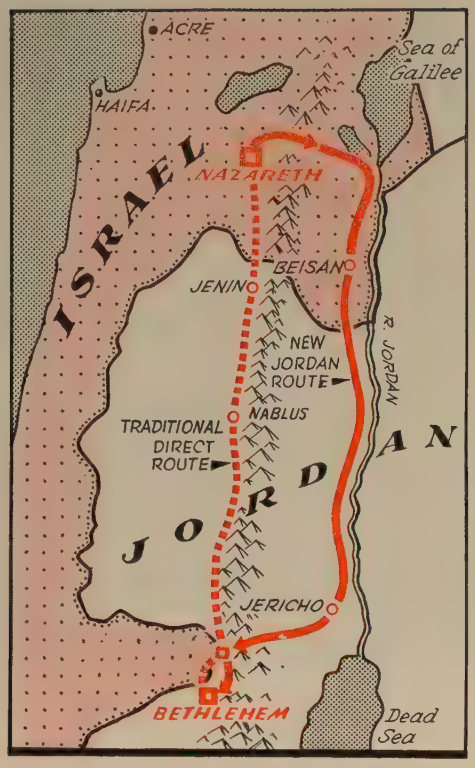
Every fall the school raises money for a Christmas party for elementary school children in a poor section of the city. After the money is assured, everyone pitches in to make the party a success. For days before the affair, the home economics department buzzes with the activity of students preparing appropriate holiday fare.

Beyond school and community is their service to the nation. One of the most deeply appreciated homefront efforts of World War II was that of students at Hollywood High, who, troubled by the sight of thousands of servicemen spending the nights of their week-end leaves sleeping on benches or propped up against buildings, transformed two large gymnasiums into dormitories—spreading out mattresses provided by the Lockheed "Buck of the Month Club" and making them up with blankets and sheets. Every bed in the school was taken that first Saturday night; the next week, an additional 300 GIs showed up and were given sheets and blankets and places in the bleachers.

Annually the students, working through the Junior Red Cross program, have packed gift boxes for less fortunate children in other countries. The local chapter of the Red Cross has called the school's contribution to this program outstanding.

It is not easy to measure what the Hollywood spirit of service has meant and will mean to the nation, or to the school, or the community. Immediate results have been impressive savings and outstanding public relations. But no one can calculate the contributions the thousands of service-trained men and women are rendering after graduation: lawyers, businessmen, industrialists, doctors, artists, teachers, social workers.

It is no secret that American education is in trouble. Undoubtedly more teachers are needed, more money for classrooms. But the experiment at Hollywood High suggests that one highly effective answer to the problem may be the students themselves—growing up to the best that is in them.



Nazareth to

THERE WILL be little travel this year on the broken and bloody road between Nazareth and Bethlehem. For Joseph and Mary, as Jews, the trip could be suicidal.

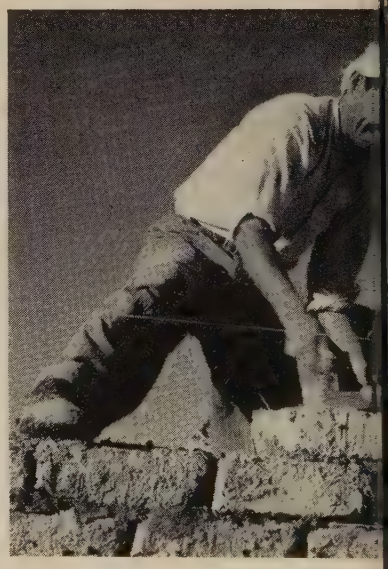
Smoldering hatred has erupted into violence in the uneasy area around Israel-owned Nazareth and Jordan-owned Bethlehem. Ever since World War I, peace has been a fragile thing in the Holy Land. Of late there have been repeated ambushes, snipings and open clashes between Jew and Arab. Men, women and children have been wounded, killed.

Joseph and Mary took a road, built by the Romans, from their home in Nazareth to pay taxes in Bethlehem. They traveled unhindered through what is now Jordan, going due south through Jerusalem to Bethlehem. The 84-mile journey took several days. But Joseph and Mary made it. They couldn't today. The way is barred by barbed wire, tanks, artillery and angry men with machine guns.

As Jewish civilians, they would be unable to get civil and military

Along such a cobblestoned street as this in Nazareth, Joseph and Mary started on their journey to Bethlehem.

A new home is built in the desert by one of the 900,000 Arab refugees from Israel.



Bethlehem, 1956

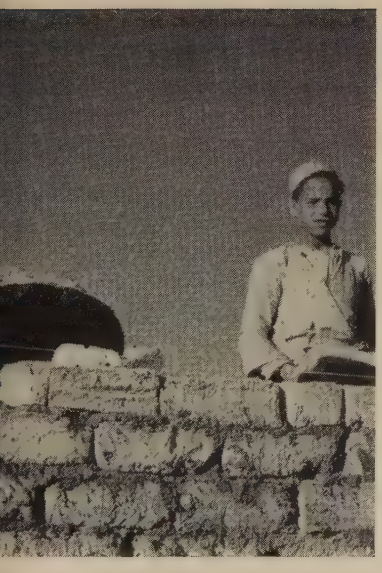
clearance. But if they could, they would take the modern route skirting the River Jordan to Jerusalem, and then to Bethlehem. The new section of Jerusalem has been under control of the Israeli. The old city, which includes most of the holy landmarks, has been held by hostile Arabs.

Until four years ago it was impossible for anyone to cross this border at any time. But in 1952 Christian clergymen and United Nations truce supervisors persuaded authorities of both nations to permit a few Arab Christians to cross over at Christmas. Only one-third of the 10,000 who requested permission each year have been permitted to visit the birthplace of Jesus in Bethlehem.

But such regulations are temporary. They may be changed or abolished at any time—perhaps in a new flare up of antagonism before these lines are published.

The land where peace on earth was proclaimed 2,000 years ago by the Prince of Peace knows no peace today.

Crossroads sign at Israel and Jordan's boundary in harassed Jerusalem.



Barbed wire and tank barriers at Mandelbaum Gate symbolize hostility between Jew and Arab in Jerusalem.

An Arab soldier bars the Jaffa Road, leading into Jerusalem.

Arab refugees await treatment in a camp clinic.

At Bethlehem, where good will on earth was once proclaimed, 5,000 squalid refugees exist in war's wretched backwash.

In Nativity Square, Bethlehem, birthplace of the Prince of Peace, old and new carry on side by side.

"Dick" Richmond Barbour, Ph.D.

Teens Together

WITH AN EX-TEEN-AGER

Q *It is very hard for me to make friends. I'm 15 and at a new school. I walk between classes by myself, eat lunch alone, and when others look at me I get embarrassed. There is a girl I want to date. Mother says to give her a rush, but I'm too bashful. How can I make friends?—B. W.*

A Your problem is universal, Bill. Almost everyone feels self-conscious sometime. Here are some tried and true devices.

Be friendly. Smile and say "Hi," even to those you know only slightly. Sometimes you'll get a glassy stare. That's okay. You can't make friends without being friendly.

Be a listener. You don't have to talk. Ask leading questions. Get others started talking about themselves. Look interested, remember what they say, refer casually to it the next time you meet. They'll be impressed with your outgoing personality.

Watch your appearance. Some boys your age let their young beards accumulate and look unkempt. Cleanliness is important. Try to wear the same sort of clothes that most boys in your school do.

Do you have a favorite sport? Then be a star if you can. If not, just be competent. Ability always win respect from the other fellow.

Don't be afraid to ask that girl for a date. Nearly all the girls like to be invited out. Most of them think they're unpopular. The chances are yours will welcome your attention. If she doesn't, another nice girl will.

Q *I am 13 and in the 9th grade. I look much older. My folks won't let me have dates, but I go to parties with my gang. The other girls' parents are not as strict as mine. Last Saturday our party lasted until 1:30 A.M. I got home at 2:00. When I got home, my Dad was very mad. Now he says I can go to parties only one night a week, that I must be home by 11:30. If I disobey, I won't get to go to any other parties, period. I want to live my own life. Is it fair for my father to be so strict?—A. A.*

A No human can live his or her "own life." We all must take into account the feelings of those around us. Folks of your age must be especially careful. You should pay attention to rules your parents set up for you. Compared with most fathers yours is not strict. I suggest you do as he says.

Q *I am an 8th grader and I get average grades most of the time. My uncle scolds me because when he was in 8th grade he had everything planned out. How can I make up my mind? —W. F.*

A Most boys don't try to make lasting decisions until they are almost through high school. Many wait until they are in college. You aren't unusual. I'm afraid your uncle is expecting a little too much of you.

Q *I am 17. I've been dating a Methodist girl. My parents do not believe in God. I've never gone to church before. My folks laugh at me, but I want to join her church. She tells me I must first sincerely believe in God and Jesus Christ. How can I find God? —A. K.*

A I wish the adults who say all young people are thoughtless could read your letter, Art. They'd see their mistake.

Keep going to church affairs with your girl. If you should break up with her, keep attending anyway. Make an appointment with the minister. Ask him your question. Listen to his replies. Read the materials he'll give you. Pray with him.

Look for God wherever you go. You'll find his strength in the howling of a winter blizzard and the beauty of a summer sunset. You'll look up at night and realize that the heavens do declare his glory. And so does a rose, unfolding.

Ask yourself the hardest questions you can think of. What came before this universe? What will come after? What is life? What is death? Why do we live? God, through Christ, gives you the answers.

Do you know anyone who has been desperately ill for a long time? Or who has had a nervous breakdown? Many people who experience such troubles come to realize their weakness. They discover they cannot survive alone. They turn to God for strength, and receive it. Talk with friends who have found help this way.

Finally, read the Bible itself. In the New Testament it says, "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." That is a promise to you, Art. And a promise to others as well.

Q *An "A" student in our 11th grade class was arrested for a terrible crime. We've never cared much for him, but he is in jail now and we were going to sign a petition to show him we believe him innocent. Our principal told us to wait. He said a "personality test" has shown he might be guilty. Could a personality test do that? Is it like a lie detector?—M. G.*

A No, it is different. A lie detector is a gadget that measures changes in blood pressure and other physical reactions while the suspect answers ques-

A Prayer

to make your own

Peter Marshall (Chaplain, U. S. Senate) 1902-1949

Lord Jesus,
who didst take little children
into thine arms and laugh
and play with them,
bless,
we pray thee, all children
at this Christmastide. As with
shining eyes and glad hearts
they nod their heads so wisely
at the stories of the angels,
and a baby cradled in the hay
at the end of the way of a
wandering star,
may their faith and
expectations be a rebuke
to our own faithlessness.

Help us to make this
season all joy for them, a time
that shall make thee, Lord Jesus,
even more real to them.
Watch tenderly over them,
and keep them safe.

Grant
that they may grow in health and
strength into Christian maturity.
May they turn early to thee,
the Friend of children,
the Friend of all.

We ask
in the lovely name of
him who was once a little child.
Amen.

From *The Prayers of Peter Marshall*, edited by Catherine Marshall. © McGraw-Hill Book Co.

tions. The "personality" tests go into a person's hidden emotional makeup. His basic self-control or lack of it. His unconscious desires and needs. A test might indicate whether or not he would be capable of such a crime, but wouldn't prove whether he was guilty or not.

Q *I'll be driving our car on my dates from now on. I just got my license. My mother has reminded me to be sure to open the car door for the girl I'm out with. The rest of the boys don't do it. Should I?—R. M.*

A Car door-opening for girls shows respect. It is a nice thing to do. On the other hand, there are times when you'd be risking your life if you tried it. You'd have to step out into traffic on the left side of the car, and walk around to open the door on her right.

Q *I used to want to go places with my parents. Now I'd rather not. I'm 15, an only child. We're supposed to go on a big family Christmas party soon and 40 relatives will be there. I used to have fun at our Christmas parties. Now I just sit and feel bored. Should I go anyway?—G. C.*

A Yes, Gladys, I think you should. You still are a member of the family. You are growing up. You want to find your own friends. Eventually you will be independent, but not yet. Big family Christmas parties are important to your parents and relatives. Go, and try to have fun.

Q *I'm 18 and engaged to be married. I met my fiancé at an MYF Conference three years ago. My folks are giving us a nice church wedding next month. I should be happy, and I guess I am. But also I am upset. Our family doctor gave me some pretty bold marriage manuals to read. They make me feel unclean. I'm afraid of what I'm getting into. My dad says I'm silly. My mother tells me to be patient and wait. Is my mother right?—H. Y.*

A Yes, Harriet. Your mother is right. Some of those marriage books are pretty hard for an engaged girl to take. For the time being, try to forget them. The two of you are in love. You come from good backgrounds. Try to be patient with each other after you are married. Usually it takes several years for young newlyweds to reach real, lasting, mature happiness. If you need advice now, talk with your mother. She understands.

Q *We're twins. I'm a girl, he's a boy. We are in 10th grade. Nearly all the kids in our school go steady. Dad says we're "nuts." Mom says we're missing half the fun of high school. Isn't going steady all right?—S. D.*

A Most parents believe teen-agers would be better off if they could "play the field." I think they are right. However, I know that in most schools teen-agers either go steady or stay home. Under the circumstances most parents let their teen-agers go steady as long as they: (1) behave well, and (2) pick nice kids to go with.

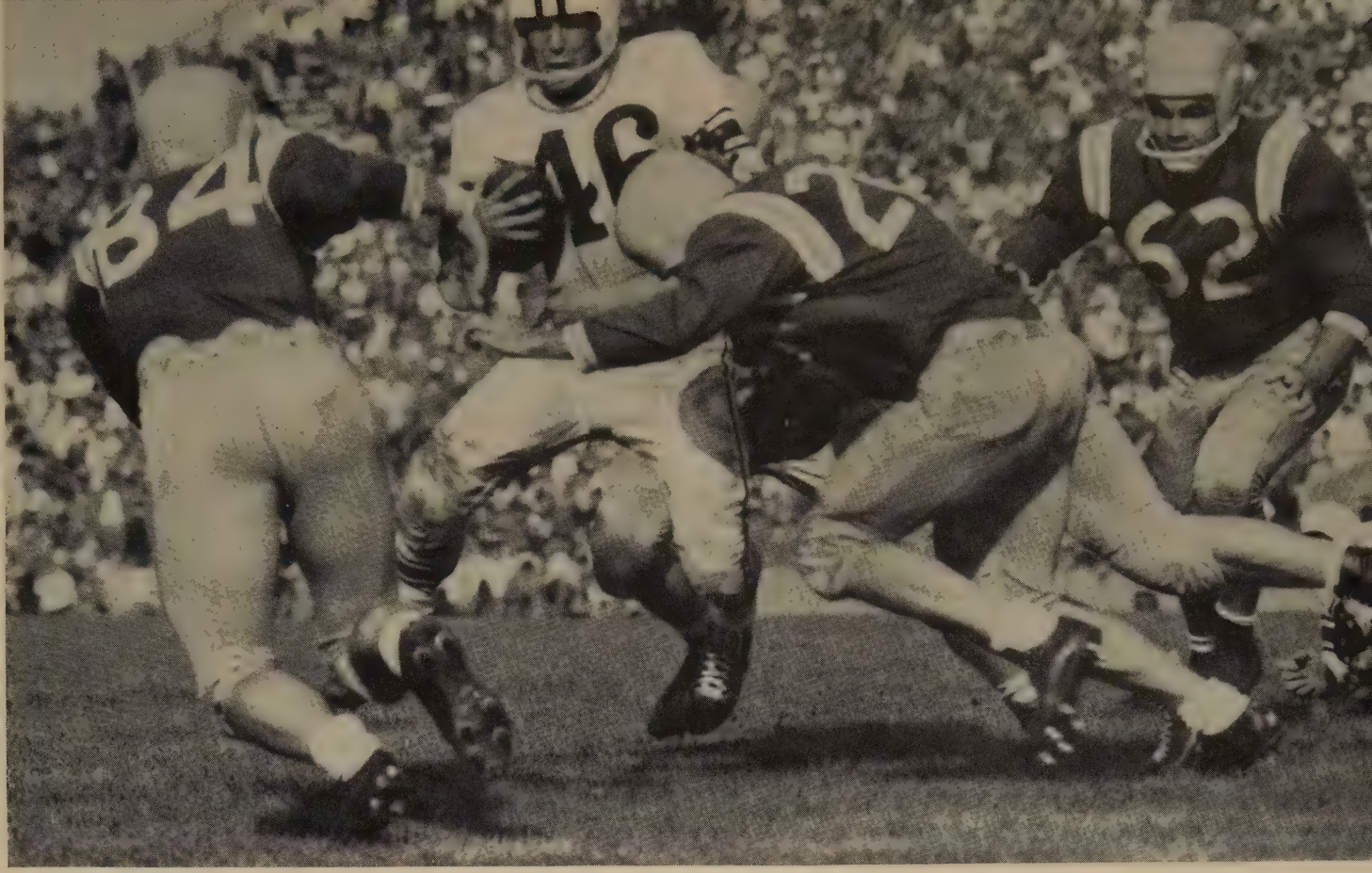
Q *I am 13. My problem is money. My parents give me 50 cents a week. All my girl-friends have from $1 to $1.50. My father puts quite a bit of money into his savings account each month. He could afford to give me more. Do you think I should ask for more money?—H. C.*

A Is there any way you could earn a little cash? That would be the best solution for you. If you can't, I think it would be all right to raise the question with your parents. Family counselors have found that under most circumstances it is best for parents to give their children about the same allowance their friends get.

Q *My mother doesn't want me to play basketball. Is it a safe sport? Do your children play it?—B. B.*

A The injury rate is higher in basketball than in some other sport. But it is lower than in football. I think basketball is a good activity. My children play basketball.

NOTE TO TEEN-AGERS: *You are invited to write Dr. Barbour. He is head of the counseling department of the San Diego public school system and is an authority on problems of youth. Address Dr. Richmond Barbour, c/o Together, 740 Rush St., Chicago, Ill.*—EDS.



Northwestern's McKeiver carries the ball as the clawing, fighting Wildcats of Evanston beat Iowa State, 14-13, on the home field.

The ALL-AMERICAN Methodist University & College Elevens

Selected by Fred Russell

FOOTBALL today is a game of speed, spirit and skill more than ever. To a split T, the first All-American All-Methodist team conforms to these requisites for success.

It's an explosive, power-pulsing, jet-impelled lineup which any coach in the country would be happy to direct. It is not necessarily unique in its qualities of leadership, humility, and unselfish devotion to team. But it couldn't be surpassed.

Best typifying the true All-American player is the statement Jon Arnett of the University of Southern California made when questioned about a hip injury he sustained against Washington. Referring to the coming Saturday, he said, "Nothing can keep me out of the Stanford game." That was his final performance.

This great halfback was eligible for only five games, along with several other senior players for Southern California and UCLA. It was one of the severe penalties meted out by the Pacific Coast Conference for excessive aid-to-athletes violations.

Yet Arnett spurned lucrative offers

(*Continued on page 34*)

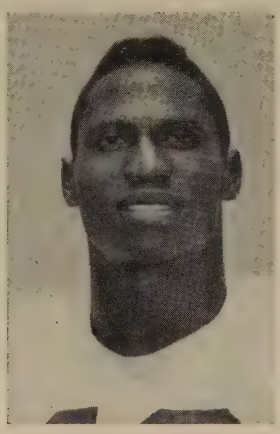
FRED RUSSELL

Fred Russell, a protege of the late Grantland Rice, is sports editor of *The Nashville* (Tenn.) *Banner* and writes a daily column, *Sidelines*, for that newspaper. Each year his widely-read *Pigskin Preview* appears in *The Saturday Evening Post*. He is a Methodist layman, is quiet, unassuming, hard-working and businesslike—but has difficulty living down some of the mystifying pranks he likes to play on friends—usually by telephone. Fred Russell studied law, but gave law up for what he loves best—sports.

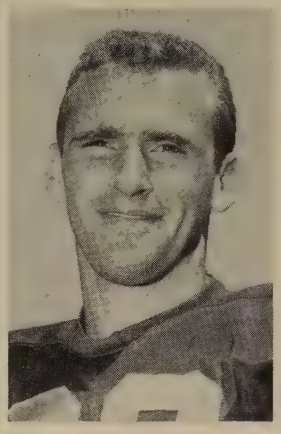
UNIVERSITY

THERE are nine Methodist-related universities in the United States. Those that have football can always be depended on to produce fine elevens and turn out their share of gridiron greats. There are plenty of All-American candidates on this hard-hitting line and fast backfield. To qualify for TOGETHER's mythical 1956 All-American Methodist team, players did not have to belong to The Methodist Church . . . only attend a Methodist-related school and play outstanding football in every game.

Charles Arnold, Quarterback, Southern Methodist.



C. R. Roberts, Fullback, Southern California.



Jon Arnett, Halfback, Southern California.

Jim Brown, Halfback, Syracuse.

COLLEGE

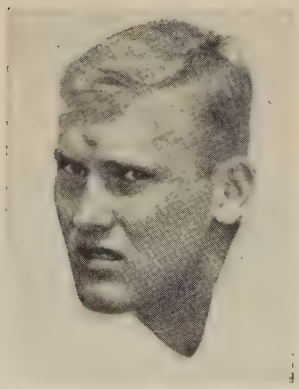
THIS all-star team could vie with any in the nation.

There are 74 Methodist-related senior colleges, 21 junior colleges and 17 secondary schools. Of the senior colleges, from which this team was chosen, 44 participated in football during the 1956 season.

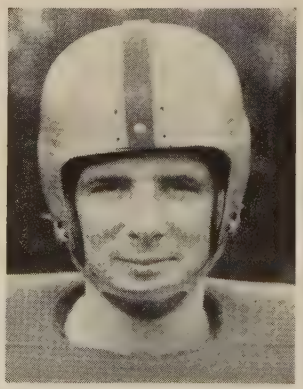
Tommy Watkins, End, McMurry.

Ray Van Orden, Tackle, Ohio Wesleyan.

Bob Mitchell, Guard, Puget Sound.



Jim Dahlman, Center, Albion.



Hobard Caywood, Guard, Emory and Henry.

John Nisby, Tackle, Pacific.

Jerry Richardson, End, Wofford.

Willard Dewveall, End,
Southern Methodist.

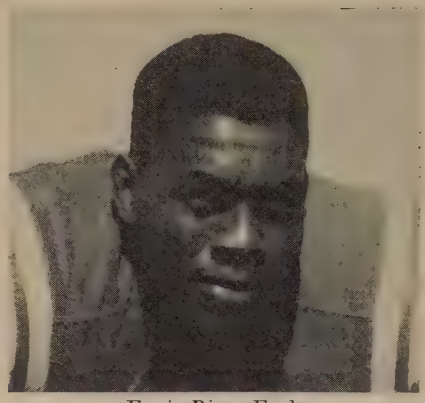
Sid Deloatch, Tackle,
Duke.

Lou Lovely, Guard,
Boston.

Ted Ringer, Cente
Northwestern.

Jerome Cashman, Tackle,
Syracuse.

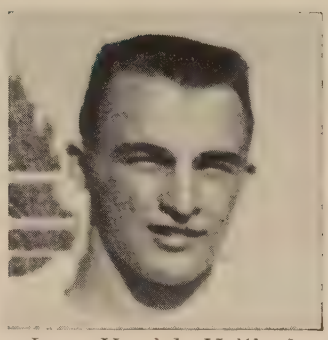
Smitty Keller, Guard,
Southern Methodist.



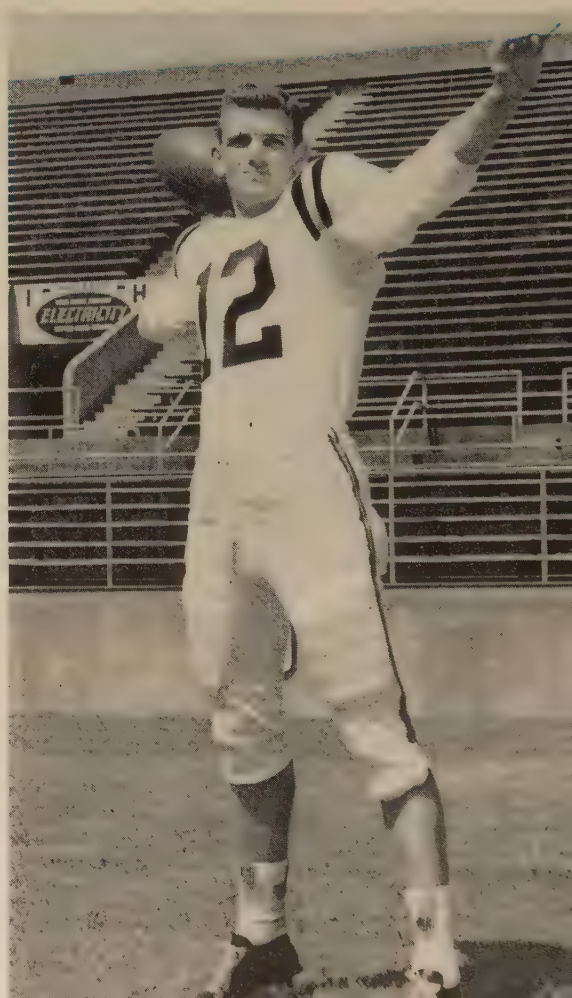
Ernie Pitts, End,
Denver.

Dick Bass, Halfback,
Pacific.

Jim Villa, Fullback,
Allegheny.



Larry Houdek, Halfback,
Kansas Wesleyan.



John Green, Quarterback,
Chattanooga.

More Names on the Honor Roll

HONORABLE MENTION, UNIVERSITIES

ENDS: Richard Lasse, Syracuse; Chuck Leimbach, Southern Calif.; Tommy Gentry, SMU; Buddy Bass, Duke.
TACKLES: Ed Paulauskas, Boston U.; Charles Strid, Syracuse; Fabian Abram, Southern Cal.; George Belotti, Southern Cal.
GUARDS: Al Viola, Northwestern; Ed Bailey, Syracuse; Roy Hord, Duke; Willie Jackson, Denver.
CENTERS: Bill Livingstone, SMU; Karl Rubke, Southern Cal.; Bill Brown, Syracuse.
QUARTERBACKS: Al Yanowich, Denver; Sonny Jergensen, Duke; Larry Fennessey, Boston U.; Dale Pienta, Northwestern.
BACKS: Bob McKeiver, Northwestern; Wilmer Fowler, Northwestern; Charlie Jackson, SMU; Jim Ridlon, Syracuse; Bernie Blaney, Duke; Don Hickman, Southern Cal.; Lon Slaughter, SMU.

SECOND COLLEGE ELEVEN

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Red Gelling	Morningside
T	Bob Butler	Western Maryland
G	Dave Young	Randolph-Macon
C	William Griffith	Dakota Wesleyan
G	Billy Martin	Claflin
T	Ken Everhart	Southwestern
E	Ken Poleyn	Lycoming
Q	Charlie Bradshaw	Wofford
H	Bill Butler	Chattanooga
H	Chuck Burnett	Simpson
F	Jim Currens	Baldwin-Wallace

THIRD COLLEGE ELEVEN

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Tom Taylor	Albion
T	Les Toburen	Kansas Wesleyan
G	Cliff Judy	West Va. Wes.
C	Bill Gardner	Cornell
G	Ron Novkov	Mount Union
T	Gil Deavers	Illinois Wesleyan
E	Pat Ewing	DePauw
Q	Tom Flores	Pacific
H	Jim Rogers	Ohio Wesleyan
H	Bob Austin	Puget Sound
F	Dutch Bryan	Morningside

HONORABLE MENTION, COLLEGES

ENDS: Gordon Fosness, Dakota Wesleyan; Scott Mann, Baker; Richard Roda, Central; Bob Ohrman, Adrian.
TACKLES: Earl Young, Baker; Bill Hulen, Simpson; Wilbur White, Lycoming; Lynn Beach, Ohio Wesleyan; Thomas Biggam, Allegheny.
GUARDS: John Carman, Allegheny; Don Kelly, Baldwin-Wallace; Jack Stuchell, Southwestern; Ron Turner, DePauw; Duane Hall, Adrian.
CENTERS: Bill Houston, McMurry; Bill Earp, Emory and Henry; Peter Croft, Allegheny; Bill Cox, Randolph-Macon.
QUARTERBACKS: John McCrary, McMurry; Dick Jarvis, Puget Sound; Bob Keck, Cornell.
BACKS: Selene Manning, Claflin; J. D. Ray, Mount Union; Jim March, Central; Frank Cvetnick, West Virginia Wesleyan; Jim Fechner, Illinois Wesleyan.

to turn professional despite the limitation. Moreover, he continued to turn out for football in the last half of the season, when he couldn't play.

Arnett is joined in that blazing backfield by C. R. Roberts, also of Southern California, and Syracuse's Jim Brown, both swift, punishing runners, and clever Charles Arnold of Southern Methodist at the quarterback controls.

It's a unit which may not miss by much the final consensus All-American backfield.

As for the quick-charging, aggressive line, it's "Lovely" and there's only one "Ringer."

Now Methodist Colleges:

All a doubting football fan need do is scan the professional league rosters for conclusive proof that American small colleges are turning out as many or more great players than the big universities.

Unfortunately, though, these stars are spread somewhat thinly in a tremendous number of schools over the length and breadth of the United States. Because of this, it is rare that small colleges or their brilliant players can compete with the major powers and their concentration of talent either for national honors or headlines. But they have the stuff!

The San Francisco 49ers, for example, have drafted Bob Mitchell of the College of Puget Sound for the 1957 season.

So it is with special pride that TOGETHER presents its first All-American Methodist College selections. They were picked after considerable analysis and with the co-operation of athletic officials.

This was a much more difficult job than choosing the All-Methodist University team from among the seven major universities, each with an enrollment larger than any of the numerous colleges under separate study.

It required more delicate sifting of performances, recommendations, schedule hardships and team strength. However, the final results were gratifying to the selector who believes the All-College team could easily hold its own with the All-University team and would be no worse than a 50-50 choice if they were to meet.

That First New Year

The Story of Creation

Watercolors by Floyd A. Johnson

Text from Genesis (RSV)

The first day . . . And God said, "Let there be light"; and there was light. And God saw that the light was good; and God separated the light from the darkness. God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And there was evening and there was morning, one day.

The second day . . . And God said, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it separate the waters from the waters." And God made the firmament and separated the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.

The third day . . . And God said, "Let the earth put forth vegetation, plants yielding seed, and fruit trees bearing fruit in which is their seed, each according to its kind, upon the earth." And it was so. The earth brought forth vegetation. . . . And God saw that it was good. . . .

The fourth day . . . And God made the two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; He made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heavens to give light upon the earth, to rule over the day and over the night. . . .

The fifth day . . . And God said, "Let the waters bring forth swarms of living creatures, and let birds fly . . . across the firmament of the heavens." And God blessed them, saying, "Be fruitful and multiply and fill the waters in the seas, and let birds multiply on the earth . . ."

The sixth day . . . Then God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air . . . and over all the earth" . . . So God created man in his own image . . . male and female he created them. . . .

And God blessed them, and God said . . . "Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing. . . ." And God saw everything he had made, and behold, it was very good.

The seventh day . . . Thus the heavens and the earth were finished . . . And on the seventh day God finished his work . . . and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had done. So God blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because on it God rested. . . .

How can parents pass ideals along to their children? This mother learned that the secret is:

As Ye Sow...

By Dorothy Canfield Fisher

CASUALLY, not that she was especially interested, just to say something, she asked as she handed out the four o'clock pieces of bread and peanut butter, "Well, what Christmas songs are you learning in your room this year?"

There was a moment's pause. Then the three little boys, her own and the usual two of his playmates, told her soberly, first one speaking, then another, "We're not going to be let to sing." "Teacher don't want us in the Christmas entertainment." Their round, eight-year-old faces were grave.

"Well—!" said the mother. "For goodness' sakes, why not?"

Looking down at his feet, her own small David answered sadly, "Teacher says we can't sing good enough."

"Well enough," corrected his mother mechanically.

"Well enough," he repeated as mechanically.

One of the others said in a low tone, "She says we can't carry a tune. She's only going to let kids sing in the entertainment that can carry a tune."

David, still hanging his head humbly, murmured, "She says we'd spoil the piece our class is going to sing."

Inwardly the mother broke into a mother's rage at a teacher: *So that's what she says, does she? What's she for, anyhow, if not to teach children what they don't know? The idea! As if she'd say she would teach arithmetic only to those who are good at it already.*

The downcast children stood silent. She yearned over their shame at failing to come up to the standards of their group. Then she said quietly, "Well, lots of kids your age can't carry a tune. Not till they've learned. How'd you like to practice your song with me? I could play the air on the piano afternoons, after school. You'd get the hang of it that way."

They brightened; they bit off great chunks of their snacks, and said, thickly, that that would be swell. They did not say they would be grateful to her, or regretted being

She lifted her head, turned on the three bellowing children. "The way, really to learn a tune, is one note after another."

a bother to her, busy as she always was. She did not expect them to. In fact, it would have startled her if they had. She was the mother of four.

So, while the after-school bread-and-butter was being eaten, washed down with gulps of milk, while the November-muddy rubbers were taken off, the mother pushed to the back of the stove the interrupted rice pudding, washed her hands at the sink, looked into the dining room where her youngest, Janey, was waking her dolls up from naps taken in the dining-room chairs, and took off her apron. Together the four went into the living room to the piano.

"What song is it your room is to sing?"

"It came upon the midnight—" said the three little boys, speaking at once.

"That's a nice one," she commented, reaching for the battered songbook on top of the piano. "This is the way it goes." She played the air, and sang the first two lines. "That'll be enough to start on," she told them. *"Now . . ."* she gave the signal to start.

They started. She had given them food for body and heart. Refreshed, heartened, with unquestioning confidence in a grownup's ability to achieve whatever she planned, they opened their mouths happily and sang out:

It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old.

At the end of that phrase she stopped abruptly, and for an instant bowed her head over the keys. Her feeling about teacher made a right-about turn. There was a pause.

But she was a mother, not a teacher. She lifted her head, turned a smiling face on the three bellowing children. "I tell you what," she said. "The way, really, to learn a tune is just one note after another. The reason why a teacher can't get *everybody* in her room up to singing in tune is because she'd have to teach each person separately—unless they happen to be naturally good at singing."

They did not listen closely to this. They were not particularly interested in having justice done to Teacher, since they had not shared the mother's brief excursion into indignation. But they tolerated her with silent courtesy. They were used to parents, teachers, and other adults, and had learned how to take with patience and self-control their constantly recurring prosy explanations of things that did not matter.

"Listen," said the mother, "I'll strike just the two first notes on the piano—'It came—'" She struck the notes, she sang them clearly. Full of good will the little boys sang with her. She stopped. Breathed hard.

"Not quite," she said, with a false smile, "pret-t-ty good. Close to it. But not quite, yet. I think we'd better take it *one* note at a time. Bill, *you* try it."

They had been in and out of her house all their lives, they were all used to her, none of them had reached the age of self-consciousness. Without hesitation, Bill sang, "I-i-it —" loudly.

After he had, the mother, as if fascinated, kept her eyes fixed on his still open mouth. Finally, "Try again," she said.

"But first, *listen.*" Oracularly she told them, "Half of carrying a tune is listening first."

She played the note again. And again. And again. Then, rather faintly, she said, "Peter, you sing it now."

At the note emitted by Peter, she let out her breath, as if she had been under water and just come up. "Fine!" she said. "Now we're getting somewhere! David, your turn." David was her own. "Just that one note. No, not *quite*. A little higher. Not quite so high." By now she was in a panic. What could she do?

The boys had come in a little after four. It was five when the telephone rang—Bill's mother asking her to send Bill home because his Aunt Emma was there. The mother turned from the telephone to say, "Don't you boys want to go along with Bill a ways, and play around for a while outdoors? I've got to get supper ready." Cheerful, sure that she, like all adults, knew just what to do, relieved to see a door opening before them that had been slammed shut in their faces, and very tired of that one note, they put on their muddy rubbers and thudded out.

That evening when she told her husband about it, after the children had gone to bed, she ended her story with a vehement, "You never heard anything like it in your life, Harry. Never. It was appalling! You can't *imagine* what it was!"

"Oh, yes, I can too," he said over his temporarily lowered newspaper. "I've heard plenty of tone-deaf kids hollering. I know what they sound like. There *are* people, you know, who really *can't* carry a tune. You probably never could teach them. Why don't you give it up?"

Seeing, perhaps, in her face, the mulish mother-stubbornness, he said, with a little exasperation, "What's the use of trying to do what you *can't do?"*

That was reasonable after all, thought the mother. *Yes, that was the sensible thing to do. She would be sensible, for once, and give it up. With everything she had to do, she would just be reasonable and sensible about this.*

So the next morning, when she was downtown doing her marketing, she turned in at the public library and asked for books about teaching music to children. Rather young children, about eight years old, she explained.

The librarian, enchanted with someone who did not ask for a light, easy-reading novel, brought her two books, which she took away with her.

During the weeks between then and the Christmas entertainment, she saw no more than he how she could ever keep it up. The little boys had no difficulty in keeping it up; they had nothing else to do at four o'clock. They were in the indestructible age, between the frailness of infancy and

READER'S CHOICE

Do you remember a favorite story or article that you think other people would also enjoy reading? If so, send the title, author, place and date of publication to the *Reader's Choice Editor, Together,* 740 Rush St., Chicago, Ill. If you are the first to nominate a feature we reprint, you will receive $25.

This month's *Reader's Choice,* by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, was condensed from a short story in *Four Square* (permission of Harcourt, Brace & Co., Inc. © 1947).

the taut nervous tensions of adolescence. Wherever she led, they followed her cheerfully. In that period of incessant pushing against barriers which did not give way, she was the one whose flag hung limp.

Assiduous reading of those two reference books on teaching music taught her that there were other approaches than a frontal attack on the tune they wanted to sing. She tried out ear-experiments with them, of which she would never have dreamed without her library books. She discovered to her dismay that sure enough, just as the authors of the books said, the little boys were musically so far below scratch that, without seeing which piano keys she struck, they had no idea whether a note was higher or lower than the one before it.

She adapted and invented musical "games" to train their ear for this. The boys standing in a row, their backs to the piano, listening to hear whether the second note was "up hill or down hill" from the first note, thought it as good a game as any other, rather funnier than most because so new to them. They laughed raucously over each other's mistakes, kidded and joshed each other, ran a contest to see who came out best, while the mother, aproned for cooking, her eye on the clock, got up and down for hurried forays into the kitchen where she was trying to get supper.

DAVID'S OLDER brother and sister had naturally good ears for music. That was one reason why the mother had not dreamed that David had none. When the two older children came in from school, they listened incredulously, laughed scoffingly, and went off to skate, or to rehearse a play. Little Janey, absorbed in her family of dolls, paid no attention to these male creatures of an age so far from hers that they were as negligible as grownups. The mother toiled alone, in a vacuum, with nobody's sympathy to help her, her great stone rolling down hill as fast as she toilsomely pushed it up.

She faltered. Many times. She saw the ironing heaped high, or Janey was in bed with a cold, and as four o'clock drew near, she said to herself, "Now today I'll just tell the boys that I can *not* go on with this. We're not getting anywhere, anyhow."

So when they came storming in, hungry and cheerful and full of unquestioning certainty that she would not close that door she had half-opened for them, she laid everything aside and went to the piano.

As a matter of fact, they *were* getting somewhere. She had been so beaten down that she was genuinely surprised at the success of the exercises ingeniously devised by the authors of those books. Even with their backs to the piano, the boys could now tell, infallibly, whether a second note was above or below the first one. Sure. They even thought it distinctly queer that they had not been able to, at first. "Never paid any attention to it before," was their own accurate surmise as to the reason.

THEY PAID attention now, their interest aroused by their first success, by the incessant practicing of the others in their classroom, by the Christmas-entertainment thrill which filled the schoolhouse with suspense. Although they were allowed no part in it, they also paid close attention to the drill given the others, and sitting in their seats, exiled from the happy throng of singers, they watched how to march along the aisle of the Assembly Hall, decorously, not too fast, not too slow, and when the great moment came for climbing to the platform how not to knock their toes against the steps. They fully expected—wasn't a grownup teaching them?—to climb those steps to the platform with the others, come the evening of the entertainment.

It was now not on the clock that the mother kept her eye during those daily sessions at the piano; it was on calendar. She nervously intensified her drill, but she remembered carefully not to yell at them when they went wrong, not to screw her face into the grimace which she felt, not to clap her hands over her ears and scream, "Oh, horrible! *Why* can't you get it right!" She reminded herself that if they knew how to get it right, they would, of course, sing it that way. She knew (she had been a mother for sixteen years) that she must keep them cheerful and hopeful, or the tenuous thread of their interest and attention would snap. She smiled. She did not allow herself even once to assume the blighting look of impatience.

Just in time, along about the second week of December, they did begin to get somewhere. They could all sound—if they remembered to sing softly and to "listen to themselves—" a note, any note, within their range, she struck on the piano. Little Peter turned out, to his surprise and hers, to have a sweet clear soprano. The others were—well, all right, good enough.

They started again, very cautiously, to sing that tune, to begin with "It ca-ame—" having drawn a deep breath, and letting it out carefully. It was right. They were singing true.

She clapped her hands like a girl. They did not share her overjoyed surprise. That was where they had been going all the time. They had got there, that was all. What was there to be surprised about?

After that it went fast; the practicing of the air, their repeating it for the first skeptical, and then thoroughly astonished Teacher, their triumphant report at home, "She says we can sing it good enough. She says we can sing with the others. We practiced going up on the platform this afternoon."

Then the Christmas entertainment. The tramping of class after class up the aisle to the moment of footlighted glory; the big eighth-graders' Christmas pantomime, the first graders' wavering performance of a Christmas dance as fairies—or were they snowflakes? Or perhaps angels? It was not clear. They were tremendously applauded, whatever they were.

THEN IT was the turn of the third grade, the eight- and nine-year-olds, the boys clumping up the aisle, the girls switching their short skirts proudly. The careful tiptoeing up the steps to the platform, remembering not to knock their toes on the stair-treads, the two lines of round faces facing the audience, bland and blank in their ignorance of—*oh, everything!* —thought David's mother, her hand clutching her handbag tensely.

The crash from the piano giving them the tone, all the mouths open:

It came upo-on the midnight clear
That glorious song of old.

The thin pregnant woman sitting in front of the mother leaned to the shabbily dressed man next to her, with a long breath of relief. "They do real *good,* don't they?" she whispered proudly.

They did do real good. Teacher's long drill and hers had been successful. It was not howling, it was singing. It had cost the heart's blood, thought the mother, of two women, but it was singing. It would never again be howling, not from those children.

It was even singing with expression —some. There were swelling crescendos, and at the lines:

The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing

the child-voices were hushed in a *diminuendo.* (Part of the mother's very life had been spent in securing her part of that *diminuendo.*) She ached at the thought of the effort that had gone into teaching that hushed tone, of the patience and self-control and endlessly repeated persistence in molding into something shapely the boys' puppy-like inability to think of anything but aimless play. It had taken hours out of her life, crammed as it was far beyond what was possible with work that must be done. Done for other people. Not for her. Not for the mother.

THIS HAD been one of the things that must be done. And she had done it. There he stood, her little David, a fully accredited part of his corner of society, as good as anybody, the threat of the inferiority-feeling averted for this time, ready to face the future with enough self-confidence to cope with what would come next. The door had been slammed in his face. She had pushed it open, and he had gone through.

The hymn ended. The burst of parental applause began clamorously. Little Janey, carried away by the festival excitement, clapped with all her might—"learning the customs of her corner of society" thought her mother, smiling tenderly at the petal-soft noiselessness of the tiny hands.

The third grade filed down the steps from the platform and began to march back along the aisle. For a moment, the mother forgot that she was no longer a girl who expected recognition when she had done something creditable. David's class clumped down the aisle. Surely, she thought, David would turn his head to where she sat and thank her with a look. Just this once.

He did turn his head as he filed by. He looked full at his family, at his father, his mother, his kid sister, his big brother and sister from the high school. He gave them a formal, small nod to show that he knew they were there, to acknowledge publicly that they were his family. He even smiled, a very little, stiffly, fleetingly. But his look was not for her. It was just as much for those of his family who had been bored and impatient spectators of her struggle to help him, as for her who had given part of her life to roll that stone up hill, a part of her life she never could get back.

She shifted Janey's weight a little on her knees. Of course. Did mothers ever expect to be thanked? They were to accept what they received, without bitterness, without resentment. After all, that was what mothers worked for—not for thanks, but to do their job. The sharp chisel of life, driven home by experience, flaked off expertly another flint-hard chip from her blithe, selfish girlhood. It fell away from the woman she was growing to be, and dropped soundlessly into the abyss of time.

After all, she thought, hearing vaguely the seventh-graders now on the platform (none of her four was in the seventh grade), David was only eight. At that age they were, in personality, completely cocoons, as in their babyhood they had been physical cocoons. The time had not come yet for the inner spirit to stir, to waken, to give a sign that it lived.

It certainly did not stir in young David that winter. There was no sign that it lived. The snowy weeks came and went. He rose, ravenously hungry, ate an enormous breakfast with the family, and clumped off to school with his own third-graders. The usual three stormed back after school, flinging around a cloud of overshoes, caps, mittens, windbreakers. For their own good, for the sake of their wives-to-be, for the sake of the homes that would be dependent on them, they must be called back with the hard-won, equable reasonableness of the mother, and reminded to pick up and put away. David's special two friends came to his house at four to eat her cookies, or went to each other's houses to eat other cookies. They giggled, laughed raucously, kidded and joshed each other, pushed each other around. They made snow-forts in their front yards, they skated with awkward energy on the place where the brook overflowed the meadow, took their sleds out to Hingham Hill for coasting, made plans for a shack in the woods next summer.

IN THE evening, if the homework had been finished in time, they were allowed to visit each other for an hour, to make things with Meccano, things which were a source of enormous pride to the eight-year-olds, things which the next morning fell over, at the lightest touch of the mother's broom.

At that age, thought the mother, their souls, if any, were certainly no more than seeds, deep inside their hard, muscular, little-boy flesh. How do souls develop, she wondered occasionally, as she washed dishes, made beds, selected carrots at the market, answered the telephone. How do souls develop out of those rough-and-ready little males? If they do develop?

David and Peter, living close to each other, shared the evening play-hour more often than the third boy who lived across the tracks. They were allowed to go by themselves, to each other's house, even though it was winter-black at seven o'clock. Peter lived on the street above theirs, up the hill. There was a short-cut down across a vacant lot, which was in sight of one or the other house, all the way. It was safe enough, even for youngsters, even at night. The little boys loved that downhill short-cut. Its steep slope invited their feet to fury. Never using the path, they raced down in a spray of snow kicked up by their flying overshoes, arriving at the house, their cheeks flaming, flinging themselves like cannon balls against the kitchen door, tasting a little the heady physical fascination

of speed, on which, later as ski-runners, they would become wildly drunken.

"Sh! *David!* Not so *loud!*" his mother often said, springing up from her mending at the crash of the banged-open door. "Father's trying to do some accounts," or "Sister has company in the living room."

Incessant acrobatic feat—to keep five people of different ages and personalities, all living under the same roof, from stepping on each other's feet. Talk about keeping five balls in the air at the same time! That was nothing compared to keeping five people satisfied to live with each other, to provide each one with approximately what he needed and wanted without taking away something needed by one of the others. (Arithmetically considered, there were of course six people living under that roof. But she did not count. She was the mother. She took what she got, what was left. . . .)

That winter, as the orbits of the older children lay more outside the house, she found herself acquiring a new psychological skill that was almost eerie. She could be in places where she was not, at all. She had an astral body which could go anywhere. Anywhere, that is, where one of her five was.

She was with her honey-sweet big daughter in the living room, playing games with high-school friends (was there butter enough, she suddenly asked herself, for the popcorn the young people would inevitably want, later?). She was upstairs where her husband sat, leaning over the desk, frowning in attentiveness at a page of figures—that desk light was not strong enough. Better put the floodlight up there tomorrow.

She was in the sun porch of the neighbor's house, where her little son was bolting Meccano-strips together with his square, strong, not-very-clean hands—his soul, if any, dormant far within his sturdy body. She floated above the scrimmage in the high-school gym, where her first-born played basketball with ferocity, pouring out through that channel the rage of maleness constantly gathering in his big frame which grew that year with such fantastic rapidity that he seemed taller at breakfast than he had been when he went to bed. She sent her astral body upstairs to where her little daughter, her baby, her darling, slept with one doll in her arms and three others on the pillow beside her. That blanket was not warm enough for Janey. When she went to bed, she would put on another one.

She was all of them. First one, then another. When was she herself? When did *her* soul have time to stretch its wings?

One evening this question tried to push itself into her mind, but was swept aside by her suddenly knowing, as definitely as if she had heard a clock strike, or the doorbell ring, that the time had passed for David's return from his evening play hour with Peter. She looked at her watch. But she did not need to. A sixth sense told her heart, as with a blow,

The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them.—JOHN RUSKIN

that he should before this have come pelting home down the hill, plowing the deep snow aside in clouds, hurling himself against the kitchen door. He was late. Her astral self, annihilating time and space, fled out to look for him. He must have left the other house some time ago. Peter's mother always sent him home promptly.

She laid down the stocking she was darning, stepped into the dark kitchen, and put her face close to the window to look out. It was a cloudless cold night. Every detail of the back-yard world was visible, almost transparent, in the pale radiance that fell from the stars. Not a breath of wind. She could see everything: the garbage pail at the woodshed door, the trampled snow of the driveway, the clothes she had washed that morning and left on the line, the deep unbroken snow beyond the yard, the path leading up the hill.

Then she saw David. He was standing half way down, as still as the frozen night around him.

But David never stood still.

Knee-deep in the snow he stood, looking all around him. She saw him slowly turn his head to one side, to the other. He lifted his face toward the sky. It was almost frightening to see *David* stand so still. What could he be looking at? What was there he could be seeing? Or hearing? For as she watched him, the notion crossed her mind that he seemed to be listening. But there was nothing to hear. Nothing.

She did not know what was happening to her little son. Nor what to do. So she did nothing. She stood as still as he, her face at the window, lost in wonder.

She saw him, finally, stir and start slowly, slowly down the path. But David never moved slowly. Had he perhaps had a quarrel with Peter? Had Peter's mother been unkind to him?

It could do no harm now to go to meet him, she thought, and by that time, she could not, anxious as she was, not go to meet him. She opened the kitchen door and stepped out into the dark, under the stars.

He saw her, he came quickly to her, he put his arms around her waist. With every fiber of her body, which had borne his, she felt a difference in him.

She did not know what to say, so she said nothing.

It was her son who spoke. "It's so still," he said quietly in a hushed voice, a voice she had never heard before. "It's so still!"

He pressed his cheek against her breast as he tipped his head back to look up. "All those stars," he murmured dreamily, "they shine so. But they don't make a sound. They—they're *nice,* aren't they?"

He stood a little away from her to look up into her face. "Do you remember—in the song—'the world in solemn stillness lay'?" he asked her, but he knew she remembered.

The starlight showed him clear, his honest, little-boy eyes wide, fixed trustingly on his mother's. He was deeply moved. But calm. This had come to him while he was still so young that he could be calmed by his mother's being with him. He had not known that he had an inner sanctuary. Now he stood in it, awe-struck at his first sight of beauty. And opened the door to his mother.

As naturally as he breathed, he put into his mother's hands the pure rounded pearl of a shared joy. "I thought I heard them singing—sort of," he told her.

Together with the Small Fry

Stevie and the Star

IT WAS JUST the kind of Christmas eve to walk to church. Just enough soft, sparkly snow for making tracks. But Stevie wasn't happy.

Larry was happy—he was a Wise Man in the church-school pageant.

Linda was happy—she was the innkeeper's little daughter in the pageant.

Mama was going to help children put on their costumes. Daddy was going to see that the manger and the straw and the shepherds' crooks and the Wise Men's gifts were all ready.

But Stevie wasn't anything.

"Why can't I be a Wise Man like Larry?" he asked for the tenth time.

"You're too little," said Larry.

"Then why can't I be the baby Jesus?"

"You're too big," said Linda.

"But you and the other kindergartners are going to sing *Away in a Manger,*" Mama reminded him.

"But I want to do something by myself," insisted Stevie.

"I tell you, Stevie," said Daddy as they went into the church, "you can help me get things ready on the stage."

That was better than doing nothing. So Stevie handed Daddy the hammer. He helped push the extra piano behind the curtain at the back of the stage. He put straw in the manger and he helped set the manger right under a star hanging from an electric light cord.

"Did you check the star?" one of the men, Mr. Beadles, asked.

Daddy hurried to press a button. The star didn't light!

"I supposed it was all right," said Mr. Beadles. "We can't fix it now! The pageant is starting!"

What could they do? Mr. Beadles looked at Daddy; Daddy looked at him.

"I have an idea," said Mr. Beadles. "There's a big, strong flashlight in the cupboard. If we could turn it on the manger, it would look like light shining from a star."

Mr. Beadles hurried to bring the flashlight. He and Daddy Learner tiptoed around back of the curtain. Stevie followed. There stood the piano, right where the two halves of the curtain came together.

"If someone could get on top of the piano . . ." said Mr. Beadles.

"I can!" said Stevie.

"I believe you can," agreed Daddy.

Quickly Mr. Beadles opened the curtains a little. Daddy stood Stevie on top of the piano. Carefully Stevie held the flashlight. He was really high up!

The lights went low. Someone was reading from the Bible, "And she gave birth to her first-born son. . . ."

"Now," whispered Daddy. "Stevie, turn on the flashlight."

Stevie clicked it. A strong beam of light shone on the manger, right on the doll that looked like baby Jesus.

The kindergarteners came on stage to sing *Away in a Manger.* Then the shepherds, and more singing . . . Stevie's hands grew tired, but he held onto the flashlight until the Wise Men arrived with gifts for little Jesus.

On the way home Mama said, "Stevie, where were you?"

Stevie made happy, dancing tracks in the snow.

"I was the star!" he shouted.

CHRISTMAS QUIZ

HOW MANY of the blanks can you fill in below in the Bible story of the first Christmas? Answers on page 70.

1. When ——— was governor of ———, the order was given for a ——— to be taken.
2. So it was that ——— and ——— had to go to ——— to be counted.
3. While they were there, their baby named ——— was ———.
4. ——— were the first to hear the news.
5. An ——— told them they would find the baby in a ———.
6. Later, ——— ———, guided by a ———, came to see ———.
7. They brought gifts of ———, ———, and ———.
8. They called the baby ——— of the ———.
9. Mary and Joseph took Jesus to live in ——— for a while.
10. Then they returned to ———, where Jesus grew in ——— with God and man.

THE REASON

by Clarice Foster Booth

My father hung a glistening star
High on our Christmas tree,
And when I asked, he told me why
He placed it there: "You see,

"That first glad Christmas long ago
When Jesus came," he said,
"A great star shone out brilliantly
Above the Christ child's bed.

"And ever since, no Christmas tree
Seems quite complete without
A star upon its highest branch,
Shining round about."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS YOU CAN MAKE

by VERA CHANNELS

GIVING PRESENTS that you have made yourself shows that you have thought specially of those who receive them. Here are suggestions for using materials to be found around the house.

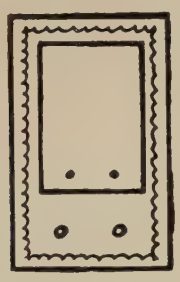
Gather all the things you will need in one room, spread out newspapers to work on—and shut the door if you're making something for one of the family! Perhaps, though, your whole family might work together for one evening making gifts for friends.

GROCERY LIST PAD

Cut a piece of cardboard nine inches long and five inches wide. Decorate it at the top and around the edges with crayons. Punch two holes at the top and put a colored string in to hang it by.

Now cut about 25 pieces of white paper six inches long by four inches wide. Attach these to the lower part of the cardboard, either by sewing or by using metal paper fasteners with round heads (brads).

Here it is—a pad ready for someone to hang on a kitchen wall and jot down on it such needs as "coffee—butter—potatoes."



DECORATED DISHES

Get together string, glue, and a glass dish, a bottle or a drinking glass. By gluing on the string, you can turn the dish into a pretty container for candy, the bottle into a holder for salad oil or vinegar, and the drinking glass into a vase.

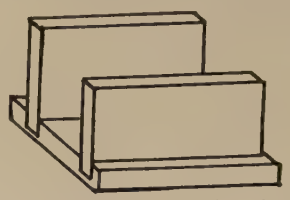
You can use colored string or you can use white string and paint it with poster paint after it is glued on. Designs can be made with two or three different colors. You might put a flower design on the vase or you might glue on colored string in the form of a word to show what the article is to be used for, as, for example, "Candy."

First cover the bottom of the glass object with glue. Start the string at the very center and wind around and around, pressing tightly into the glue. When the bottom is finished, add glue to the sides and continue winding the string as high as you like.

NAPKIN OR LETTER HOLDER

Here is a gift that the boys can make. Get a board one-fourth inch thick. Cut from it a piece six inches by two and one-half inches. Cut another piece six inches by four inches.

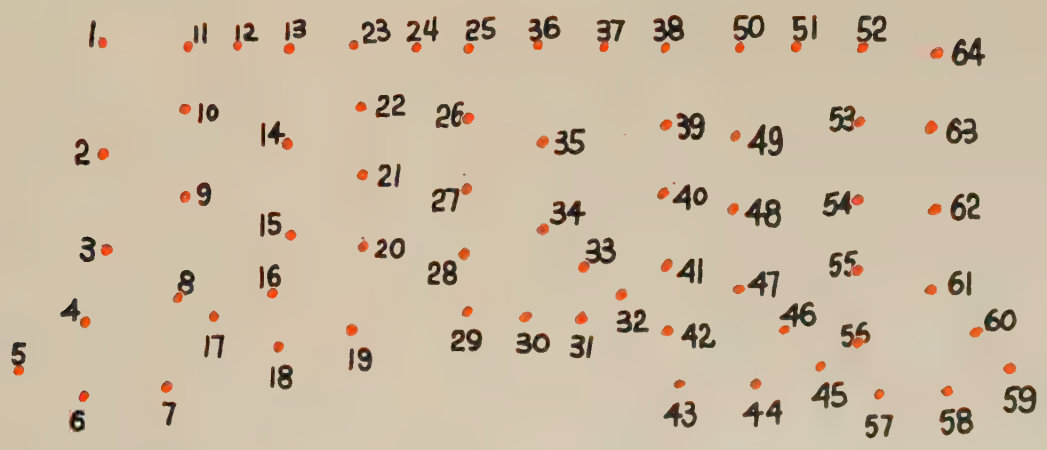
From another board one-half inch thick, cut a piece six inches by three and one-half inches. Then saw and chisel two grooves one-fourth inch wide in the long way of this piece. Each groove should be one-half inch deep and one-half inch from the outside edge.



Use strong glue to glue the other two pieces of wood into the grooves. The smaller one becomes the front of a holder for napkins or letters.

You can wax it or paint it. For Christmas breakfast, you might paint it red and fill it with Christmas paper napkins.

Connect the Dots . . and see a _____



Barnabas and his

LOOKS AT NEW BOOKS

Jesse Stuart takes a new look at his native hills.

I, BARNABAS, have seen the bright dry autumn turn into drab gray. The cold rain is falling and winter is near. I sit beside an open fire, new books in colorful jackets stacked beside me.

Autumn walked across the land and is gone. In his new book, the naturalist, **Edwin Way Teale,** goes along with the season to capture its many faces in picture and prose. The result is *Autumn Across America* (Dodd, Mead, 386 pp., $5.75).

Teale is a keen observer. He knows nature. He is an accomplished writer and photographer. He walks with credit along the trails blazed so well by Explorer **William Beebe** and the versatile **Donald Culross Peattie.** His beautiful new book is both a record of and a tribute to a favorite season.

Publisher **Julian Messner** offers a paper-bound edition of Arctic Adventurer **Peter Freuchen's** autobiography, *Vagrant Viking* (413 pp., $1.95), down $3.05 from the original, cloth-bound edition. If this means a cut in royalties for Freuchen, he can probably afford it now that he's won top prize on TV's $64,000 Question. Most quotable quote in the book comes from Freuchen's mother, who often commanded: "Go see what the children are doing and tell them not to."

The Blind Harper, carved by an unknown artist who lived nearly 1500 years before Christ, was found on an Egyptian tomb. (Taken from jacket, Atlas of the Bible.)

The late **Archibald Land Fleming** was an Arctic adventurer of another sort. He brought God's word to the Eskimo by dog sled, ice breaker and plane. His autobiography is *Archibald the Arctic* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, 399 pages, $5). An Episcopal bishop of the Arctic, Fleming loved the Eskimos, risked death to teach and minister to them, leaves us a vivid picture of primitive people in a frozen land.

Two years ago, **Jesse Stuart,** author and lecturer, was speaking before a college audience in Murray, Ky. Shortly after his speech, he collapsed with a heart attack. At the hospital, he was blue and gasping for breath, his injured heart beating 250 times a minute. It was thought he had only one chance in a thousand to live.

Modern medical science saved Jesse Stuart. He went back to his beloved W-Hollow in the hills of Eastern Kentucky, a phase of life he had relished behind him forever.

"Once my world had been the American skies, the long train trails that span the continent, the ribbons of highway across this vast beautiful America. . . . Now my world was reduced to my home, my farm, my hills. I lived more closely with my wife, my daughter, my animal friends. I thought more deeply of my God."

What Stuart saw, felt and recalled during the first year of his recovery is in *The Year of My Rebirth* (McGraw-Hill, 342 pp., $4.75). Written in the style that made him one of the nation's foremost regional writers, this is a happy song of thanksgiving and rediscovery of fundamentals by a man who was given a new life. Once again Stuart is writing of the people, the hills, the forests and fields of W-Hollow. He listens, as he listened when a boy, to the Kentucky wind that blows forever between the hills.

Stuart, a Methodist, went back to the 110-year-old church of his fore-

fathers four months after his heart attack.

"I listened to the familiar hymns, soft organ music, a moving prayer, a sound, ringing sermon," he writes. "My friends at church, remembering the 'No Visitors, Doctor's Orders' sign at the end of our lane, spoke quietly to me, with affection in their eyes, and moved on."

So Jesse Stuart lives quietly today in Greenup County, Kentucky—no more lecture tours, no more racing for trains and planes. The old Stuart, at his worst, was good. The new Stuart, in this book, is Stuart at his best.

The other day I found myself on the banks of the Sea of Galilee. I paused before the statues of the Pharaohs at Karnak and strolled by moonlight among ghostly ruins in the heart of the Syrian desert.

All of this came about when *Atlas of the Bible* (Thomas Nelson & Son, 165 pp., $15) crossed my desk, snagging my attention for a couple of hours with magnificent picture displays alone. If you are not planning a trip to the Holy Land, this is the next best way to pay that area a visit.

If, I should add, you have $15!

Atlas of the Bible, if not over-priced, is certainly beyond the reach of many. For my money, the choice is *The Westminster Historical Atlas of the Bible,* edited by **George Ernest Wright** and **Floyd V. Filson** (Westminster Press, 114 pp., $6.95). Although not so elaborate as the Nelson publication, the Westminster Atlas is comprehensive enough for most purposes. And, brother, look at the books I can buy with the extra $8.05!

Self-help writers have been prolific, as always. The editorial staff of TOGETHER has done some threshing—and we offer the titles noted on this page, as the best-of-the-crop. We'd also have included *The Mind Goes Forth* (Norton, 384 pp., $3.95), by **Harry and Bonaro Overstreet,** if it hadn't been reviewed in October.

Deep Thinkers Department: **Peter Viereck,** Pulitzer prize winning professor, comes up with *The Unadjusted Man* (Beacon Press, 332 pp., $5), a mighty complicated and wordy tome for the average reader. Like most of Viereck's work, this has a low readability score because of top-heavy words and somersaulting phrases that get bogged down in political controversy.

Some real thought-provokers shine through the wordiness and politicking (we're not criticizing Viereck's mental apparatus, so acute that it has ap-

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AUTOCONDITIONING: The New Way to a Successful Life, *by Hornell Hart.* *(Prentice-Hall, 255 pp., $4.95.)* Described as a "breakthrough" in psychology, this is the result of years of research at Duke University. Complete with a "mood meter" to record your own psychological ups and downs, plus easy-to-understand advice on emotional problems.

THE MAGIC POWER OF YOUR MIND, *by Walter M. Germain.* *(Hawthorn, 301 pp., $4.95.)* We used to call it the sub-conscious mind; Germain renames it the supraconscious. He tells how it can give you "the simple keys to happiness and to a longer and more vital life," and supplies an "unhappiness chart" to record your moods for every day of the week.

YOUR KEY TO HAPPINESS, *by Harold Sherman.* *(Putnam, 171 pp., $2.95.)* Sherman sticks to the conventional term "sub-conscious" but casts new light on it. "Health, happiness and prosperity" are in prospect for those who control and direct this "creative power," he says.

READING IMPROVEMENT FOR ADULTS, *by Paul D. Leedy.* *(McGraw-Hill, 456 pp., $5.95.)* A big book on a timely and important subject. It points out reading weaknesses and tells how to speed up your reading and understanding. Be serious in your desire for self-improvement when you get this one. But it's worth the reading effort.

THE WRITERS' CONFERENCE COMES TO YOU, *by Benjamin P. Browne.* *(The Judson Press, 423 pp., $5.)* For the would-be writer, particularly in the field of religious journalism. Here are some 50 articles taken from lectures at writers' conferences. Well-known writers and editors reveal tricks-of-their-trade to aspiring authors.

ANALYZE YOURSELF, *by Prince Leopold Loewenstein and William Gerhardi.* (*Hawthorn, 320 pp., $3.95.*) Want to know what's wrong with you? What's right? A unique and highly personal questionnaire, using the techniques of modern psychology, is included to give you the low-down on yourself. Your answers will be revealing and—if you want to make a party game out of it—amusing to others!

THE MASTER GUIDE FOR SPEAKERS, *by Lawrence M. Brings.* (*T. S. Denison & Co., 409 pp., $4.95.*) The most important thing in a speech, they say, is how it begins and how it ends. This book offers hundreds of possibilities, numerous anecdotes ("I have been talking to your chairman during dinner and we exchanged ideas—now my mind is a blank") and wisdom ("The more you say, the less people remember").

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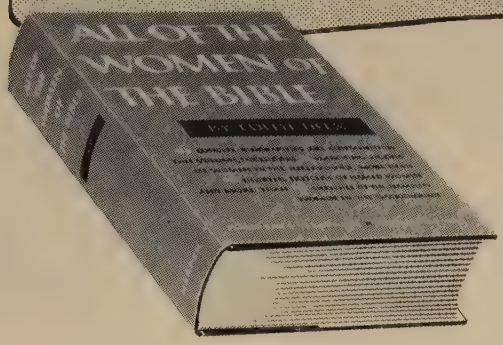

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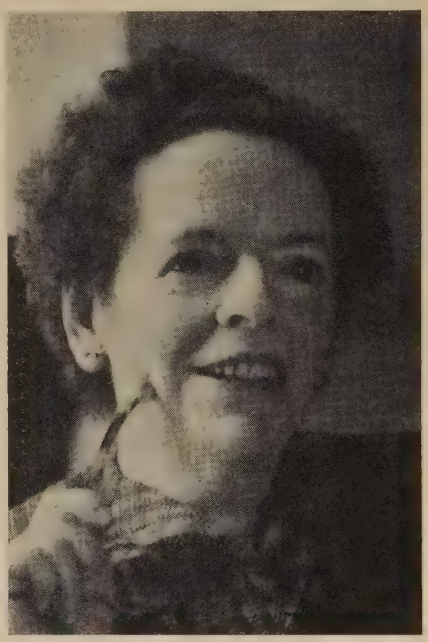
parently over-learned the English language), but occasionally the author gets carried away with his own dark blue vitriol.

An internal threat to America's value-heritage, he says, is "the new, mealy-mouthed lip-service to religion, tradition, the constitution, and kindness to dumb animals."

High point of humor comes in a speech ghost-written for some vice-president in the distant future, offering "global lobal liberation" to produce totally adjusted men by mass, free, state-supported, compulsory lobotomy for all.



Faith Baldwin

Pleasant chit-chat, plus some inspirational thinking, comes in *Face Toward the Spring* by **Faith Baldwin** (Rinehart, 203 pp., $3), the almanac of a woman's year. Many long-time readers of *The Christian Advocate* will remember the author. She sold some of her first short stories to that publication, whose tradition is continued by TOGETHER.

This is an enjoyable visit with a well-known writer (60 novels, innumerable short stories and articles). She is at her best when commenting on the haste of modern living and attacking vulgarity in modern books. As a Methodist, her faith shines through quite often:

"A little stocktaking is a wise move. The younger you are when you start setting aside a little time for thinking and not just doing—for getting acquainted with yourself, for opening your receptive spirit to the quiet word of God—the happier you will be in later years. But it's better late than never."

The **Rev. Dean E. Hess** is a man worth meeting. But, you may ask, how is it that a Protestant minister—a man dedicated to God and peace—can become a fighter pilot whose main mission is to bomb, strafe and kill?

This question compels a deeper look between the covers of Hess' book, *Battle Hymn* (McGraw-Hill, 246 pp., $3.95), and into the conscience of the author. The answer is there, not necessarily to the satisfaction of the reader, but at least to the mind of the combatant. This, perhaps, is what counts most of all. For Hess asks no one for approval of his actions and motives. In venturing off the beaten path, he not only accomplished remarkable things in combat and in work with Korean war orphans, but in his ministry for God.

Edward Perronet, one of **John Wesley's** young itinerant preachers, turned out to be something of a maverick. He refused to preach in the presence of the master, although Wesley—then launching the Methodist movement in England—insisted he do so.

"Mr. Wesley," the nervous young preacher said, "I feel so inadequate trying to proclaim the Gospel when you are in the congregation."

Wesley was peeved. He decided to force the issue. At one service he announced—without warning—that Perronet would preach from the same pulpit the following morning.

Perronet said nothing. When time for the sermon arrived, the young minister addressed the congregation which included, incidentally, a grim-faced Wesley.

"Let me merely explain," he said, "that I was not consulted prior to Mr. Wesley's announcement of last night, nor had I consented to fill the pulpit this morning. Consequently, I am going to deliver the finest and noblest sermon ever preached."

With that, Perronet read the entire *Sermon on the Mount* and sat down.

Wesley and Perronet drifted apart after that. Perhaps Perronet would not be remembered today had he not written one of the beloved hymns of the church, *All Hail The Power of Jesus' Name,* a song which may have inspired more people than any sermon ever preached.

That story of Wesley and Perronet is one of 50 in **Ernest K. Emurian's** *Famous Stories of Inspiring Hymns* (W. A. Wilde Co., 185 pp., $2.50). Emurian, a Methodist minister in Virginia, tells about personalities behind such hymns as *Brighten the Corner Where You Are, In the Garden* and *Holy, Holy, Holy. In the Garden,* by

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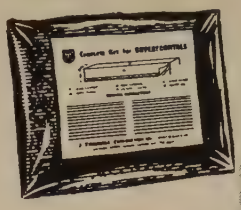

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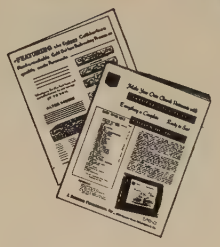

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the way, has sold millions of copies—but the author received only $4 for it. And of Charles Wesley's 6,000 hymns, we learn, *Jesus, Lover of My Soul* is the most popular.

If you love the old hymns—and who doesn't?—take a look at *Hymns and the Faith,* by **Erik Routley** (Seabury Press, 311 pp, $5.75). Routley's work is devoted more to an analysis of hymns than to the personalities behind them. A great hymn, he points out, must offer three things: familiar teaching, vivid language, and a commanding opening phrase. *Rock of Ages* is such a hymn.

If you like a scrapper, don't pass up *Gloves, Glory and God,* the autobiography of **Henry Armstrong** (Revell, 256 pp., $2.95). Armstrong, the only man in prize-ring history to hold three world championships at the same time, licked more than 300 opponents.

He fought against poverty (he was one of 15 children), prejudice (he is a Negro), wealth (he made a million and lost it), and alcoholism. But there was one "Contender" the "Champ" could not put down. Worse than the blows in the ring that jeopardized his eyesight was the stunning realization that his new manager was going to be God.

For you who flinch at associating God with pugilists, Barnabas would remind you of some of the company Jesus kept on earth.

Armstrong today is in the pulpit and in the fight against underprivilege and juvenile delinquency. His autobiography is an account of all those experiences which led him from the canvas to the "cloth." And it's good reading!

Columbia Encyclopedia (Columbia University Press, 2203 pp., $35), long reliable, long unillustrated, breaks with tradition, now will feature numerous drawings and charts.

Suppose a little tyke crawls up on your lap, lifts innocent eyes and asks:

"If I go to God's house, why doesn't he come out and let me see him?"

Or: "Why doesn't God put out that forest fire?"

Or: "How long a ladder do you need to get up to God?"

How would you answer?

You'll find help in **Edith F. Hunter's** *The Questioning Child and Religion* (Starr King Press, 209 pp., $3). Her advice to parents: move slowly in answering; say: "Now that's a good question. Could you tell me more about it?" In this manner, she says, parents are more likely to find out what the child really wants to know. But above all, our religious study and inward searching must continue, even to

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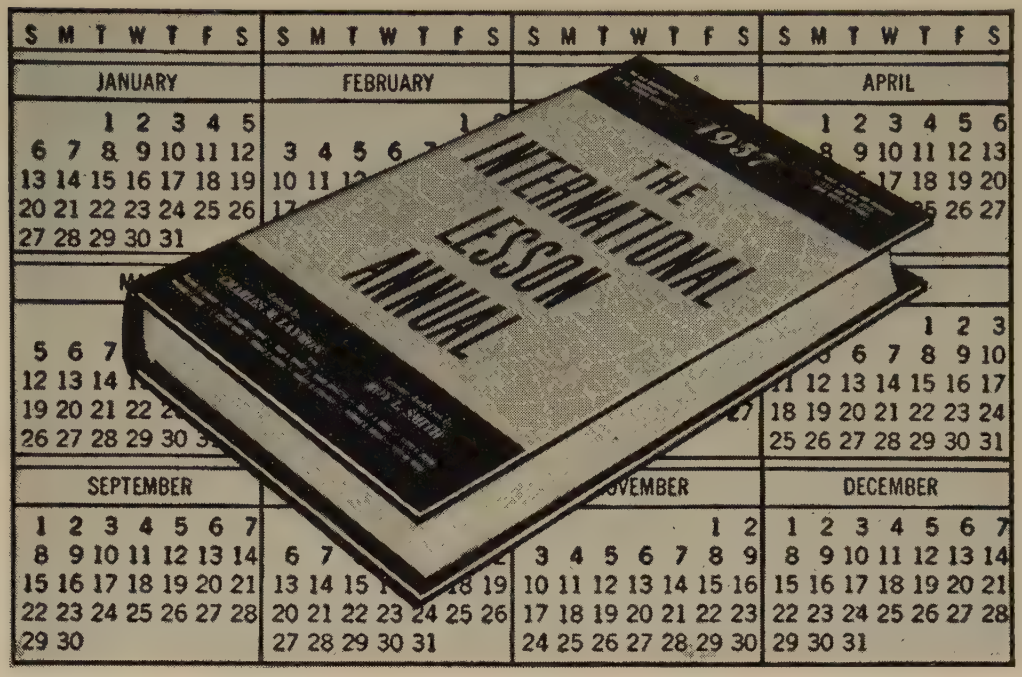

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Browsing in Fiction

THE INVISIBLE FLAG, by Peter Bamm *(Day, 250 pp., $3.95)*

A number of novels have been coming out in English giving the German side of World War II. Here is the Russian campaign from the viewpoint of a German doctor of the old school. He despised the Nazis and in the midst of the war tried to serve under that invisible flag of humanity. I have no doubt that there were many Germans with this same nobility of character, but I have the feeling that the novel is just a little too pat. It seems to me too obviously an attempt to soften the memories of the Nazi atrocities. Nonetheless, it is a book I found easy to read, which indicates how quickly time can soften our hard attitudes.

WINTER QUARTERS, by Alfred Duggan *(Coward-McCann, 284 pp., $3.75)*

An historian has given us a moving and exciting picture of Rome through the eyes of two young warriors of Gaul. They become mercenaries in the Roman army and participate in a number of campaigns. The main part of the book centers around a disaster which overtook the Romans when they tried to invade Parthia. I have read few books of this kind which shed so much light on Roman customs and helped me to comprehend both the strength and the weakness of that ancient empire. The author is a first-rate historian and, which is very unusual, a novelist of considerable power. If you want to take your history the easy way, here is a very pleasant prescription; for in the midst of being entertained, you cannot help but learn some very interesting things about the past.

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER, by William Brinkley *(Random House, 374 pp., $3.95)*

This has been right at the top of the best-selling list for a time and is an hilarious account of a publicity section of the U. S. Navy stationed on an Island in the Pacific. I hasten to say that it is a very raucous kind of book and is not for the Sunday-school library. I never know just what to say about a novel of this kind in a Methodist publication. It has much profanity, considerable sex, and no trace of moral uplift. At the same time, and here I hang my head a little, it is full of amusement. I found myself laughing out loud to my embarrassment and to the irritation of my wife. Well, that is about it, brethren, and you must now follow your own path.

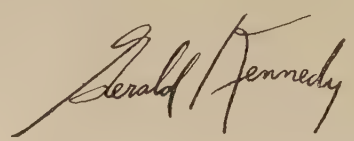
ZONE OF EMPTINESS, by Hiroshi Noma *(World, 318 pp., $3.95)*

A young Japanese novelist who seems to rate very high in his own country tells a story about the Japanese army during the war. There seems to be altogether too much meaningless conversation and attention to insignificant details. It is supposed to be a revelation of the Japanese soul, but if it is, the Japanese soul is a disappointment. This is not quite fair, as there are places of real insight, and the poor men who were caught in the military regime reveal the common impulses of humanity. You may like it better than I did, for I am afraid that maybe I judged it too hastily.

THE WHIPPING POST, by Shirley E. Pfoutz *(Messner, 189 pp., $3.00)*

I do wish people would not try to deal with the race problem as if it were primarily a matter of inter-marriage. I have no doubt that there are times when the issue is very real, but I do feel that at this particular moment we ought to make clear that when we are talking about the end of segregation, we are not talking about marriage between whites and blacks. This is the kind of book that leaves me feeling very dissatisfied and a little hopeless, because none of the characters seem really to grasp the spiritual power that gives their lives dignity. It has to do with a young GI student at Columbia who rooms with a Negro boy, and tells of their tragic affairs. It has a certain sparkle, but I do not think it really grasps the ultimate issues.

Perhaps in no other realm is it so obvious that Americans are long on quantity and short on quality as in the realm of fiction.



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the point of anticipating what questions our children will ask next.

Why, Gracie Allen asks, should an author spend a year writing a book when he can buy one for two or three dollars? Why, on the other hand, should a writer spend most of a lifetime on a book he didn't even write?

That writer is **Victor Gollancz** whose *From Darkness to Light* (Harper, 625 pp., $5) is a massive treasury of material from the great writings of the world. With fragments of this writing, hundreds of statements in poetry and prose, Gollancz compiled the record of a pilgrim's progress from darkness to light. **Daphne du Maurier** called it "the bedside book of all time."

Also recommended for bedside sampling, any other time:

The Treasury of Inspiration—edited by **Helen and Horace Johnson** (Prentice Hall, 456 pp., $4.95). Inspirational material by more than 100 writers from **Aesop** to **Norman Vincent Peale.**

The Bible For Family Reading—**Joseph Gaer and Chester C. McCown** (Little, Brown, 752 pp., $7.50). Places Bible events in sequence, proposes to "make the riches of the Bible easily available to the modern reader."

Heroes of God Series—(Association Press, average 125 pp., $2 each). Designed to bring biblical figures to life through fast-moving biographies for teen-agers. (More than a dozen titles so far include **Amos, David, Elijah, Mark, Luke** and **Paul.**)

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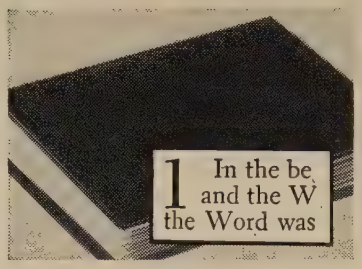

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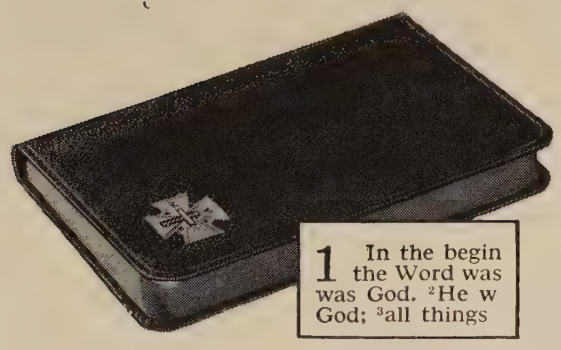

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$1.75). Stoll, a Methodist Sunday-school worker and oil-company executive, has been chairman of the Laymen's Committee of the Louisville Council of Churches since 1941. Recommended as a handbook for organizations interested in improving conditions in the jails, institutions, homes and hospitals of the community.

Louis B. Seltzer, distinguished editor of *The Cleveland Press,* is the son of **Charles Alden Seltzer,** who wrote many of the thrilling western stories I read as a boy. It was interesting to meet a boyhood literary idol who shared honors then with **Zane Grey, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Victor Appleton, Mark Twain** and **Max Brand.**

The younger Seltzer draws a warm, human picture of his father in *The Years Were Good* (World, 311 pp., $4), the story of a newspaper career.

"There was a period when books by Zane Grey and Father were actually published almost simultaneously, and on the bookstands of America they were advertised together. On one occasion in particular they came out the same week and were reviewed at the same time.

"Father wrote a note to Zane Grey, saying, 'Let's arrange our idea timetables a bit.'

"Zane Grey wrote back:

" 'All right, Charley, I'm dry for a while—the spring is exhausted for the time being—it'll be some time before it refreshes itself with another idea. It's your turn.' "

A friend tells me that 75 per cent of the movies made in Hollywood are Westerns. He's probably a mite wrong; but it's undeniable that the world loves rootin'-tootin' movies of the Old West. Why?

A 220-page answer is *The Old West Speaks* (Prentice Hall, $10) by **Howard R. Driggs.** It's a lucid and lush volume I'm going to leave on my library table—sure friends will pick it up. Eye appeal comes from liberal display of photos and color reproductions of paintings by **William Henry Jackson.**

Jackson, who died in 1942, was part of the West . . . toting his cumbersome camera and painting paraphernalia over the plains and the Rockies. He was a hardy one. It's said that while in his nineties he was to ride in an automobile with other Civil War survivors in a parade in New York. But he was absent.

"Poor old Bill. Guess this excitement was too much for him," one vet was remarking when another grabbed his arm and ejaculated: "Look!"

There was poor old Bill, carrying his old-fashioned camera and tripod, hopping along the sidelines, snapping his lens at comrades!

Blackfoot Indian Woman.

"Bob Future's rocket gun roared. Another green Martian tumbled from his monstrous steed, savage tentacles waving madly under the two hurtling moons. But hundreds more charged across the mossy plain toward the lone Earthman."

I made that up. That's the way it *won't* be when men land on Mars. Or so says **Dr. I. M. Levitt** in *A Space Traveler's Guide to Mars* (Henry Holt, 175 pp., $3.50). Levitt is an astronomer

AMEN CORNER

As gleaned from pastors' sermons

- A little bush and a lofty pine were growing side by side. The little bush looked up at the lofty pine and said, "See how big I am." The lofty pine looked up into the sky and said, "See how small I am."
  —*Rev. Christian W. Kocher, Fort Wayne, Ind. (from Mrs. Ollie Waid).*

- Family altars alter families.
  —*Rev. W. E. Cathers, Lancaster, Pa. (from Mrs. Cameron B. Weitzel).*

- If you are not generous with a meager income, you will never be generous with abundance.
  —*Bishop Wilbur E. Hammaker, Denver, Colo. (from George W. Stiles).*

- The only thing necessary for the complete triumph of evil is that good men do nothing.
  —*Rev. W. H. Russell, Louisville, Ky. (from Mrs. Gilbert Neel).*

- The trouble with too many church members is that they die about 25, but are not buried until they are 70.

and a capable science writer as well. His account of what we can reasonably expect to find on the Red Planet reads as well as the best science fiction.

Medicine is a profession that labors incessantly to destroy the reason for its own existence. **Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn,** the purveyor of popular medicine, adds his bit with *Live Longer and Enjoy It!* (Prentice-Hall, 248 pp., $4.95).

Your body is more durable than you think, you can live longer than you think, and what you think is wrong with you may not be significant at all, Steincrohn reveals.

"Let's not forget that the body can take it," he writes. "Too many of us translate a heart skip into imminent death, a backache into ailing kidneys, a headache into certain brain tumor."

'Tain't necessarily so, Steincrohn insists. Such "symptoms" are like the creaks and sputters in a car; the sounds are disturbing "but the body and engine are still good for 100,000 miles." The body manufactures, improvises, and repairs itself and "has illimitable reserves that most of us in our lifetimes never even have to call out."

Because Steincrohn's book is the kind of thing people like to read, I predict this will be on the 1957 best-seller lists.

Speaking of medicine—our office boy just told me a new one. A doctor had pulled his preacher through a serious illness but refused to send a bill. The preacher asked why.

"Because I'd like to make a deal," the doctor replied. "I'll do all I can to keep you out of heaven, if you will do all you can to keep me out of hell. That way it won't cost either of us a cent."

Popularity of books on the Civil War is at the second highest peak in history, an authority on that tragic war-between-the-states told me the other day.

He's **Ralph Newman,** founder of the Civil War Round Tables, of which there are now some 30 throughout the nation.

"The first great peak was about 25 years after the war," he said. "That was when the middle-aged veterans finally sat down to record in detail what they had seen and experienced, both in the North and the South."

Fort Sumter was fired on April 12, 1861—but the approaching centennial of the war which that event triggered is already bringing a spate of new books. Two a week, on the average.

"The remarkable thing is that these books are so good," Newman said. "I think I know the reason—reporters are taking over from academic-minded historians. They are covering the Civil War as they would the World Series or the presidential campaign."

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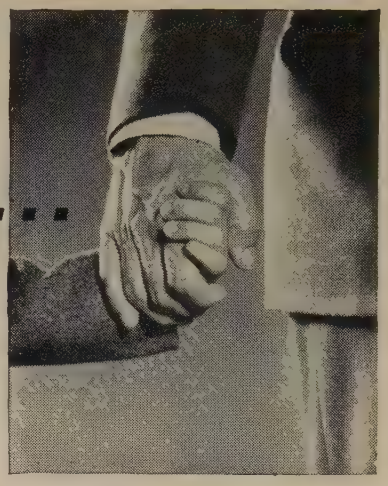

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ramic *This Hallowed Ground* (Doubleday, 437 pp., $5.95). Catton, a newspaperman, does an A-1 job. He sees the Civil War's massive drama as a whole. **Allan Nevins,** a professional historian, calls it a "masterly process of digestion" by a writer who after years of note taking and reading "has passed all his materials through the crucible of his mind and fused them there."

Southerners will share this book with a thrill of pride, because Catton deals with both sides objectively, yet with deep admiration for the valor of both the blue and the gray.

This objectivity and lack of prejudice is reflected also in a new two-volume epic written by Newman in collaboration with **Otto Eisenschiml**—*The Civil War* (Grossett and Dunlap, Vol. I, 719 pp., Vol. 2, 240 pp.). Price of the two volumes, boxed, is $10. The second volume, which contains many photographs and biographical sketches of Union and Confederate leaders, was compiled by Newman in collaboration with **E. B. Long.**

Catton, in his introduction to the Newman-Eisenschiml-Long iliad, explains the immense popularity of books on the Civil War.

"The Civil War is a common possession of all Americans. It was brought about by a succession of errors in which the whole country shared; the fearful price that was paid for it was exacted from the victors and the defeated alike; and the solemn pride with which generations of Americans have regarded the war's epic story is something that does not change when one travels from one section of the country to another. Very literally this was our war, a unique national experience whose ultimate significance seems heightened rather than diminished as our understanding of it increases."

Read anything really different lately? Well, it was **Johann von Goethe** who said: "The most original modern authors are not so because they advance what is new, but simply because they know how to put what they have to say as if it had never been said before."

—Barnabas

BEST-SELLERS: NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST

A poll of Cokesbury Book Stores in Nashville, Richmond, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, and Kansas City shows these are current best-sellers:

Non-Fiction:

The Mind Goes Forth by **Harry and Bonaro Overstreet** (W. W. Norton, 384 pp., $3.95).

An Historian's Approach to Religion by **Arnold Toynbee** (Oxford, 318 pp., $5).

The Living of These Days by **Harry Emerson Fosdick** (Harper 324 pp., $4).

Arthritis and Common Sense by **Dan Dale Alexander** (Witkower, 255 pp., $3.95).

Eisenhower: The Inside Story by **Robert J. Donovan** (Harper, 423 pp., $4.95).

Profiles in Courage by **John F. Kennedy** (Harper, 266 pp., $3.50).

Love or Perish by **Smiley Blanton** (Simon & Shuster, 218 pp., $3.50 cloth; $1, paper).

Gift from the Sea by **Anne Morrow Lindbergh** (Pantheon, 128 pp., $3.50).

History of the English-Speaking People, Vol. 1, by **Winston Churchill** (Dodd, Mead, 521 pp., $6).

Guestward Ho by **Barbara Hooton** and **Patrick Dennis** (Vanguard, 270 pp., $3.50).

Fiction:

And Walk in Love by **Henrietta Buckmaster** (Random House, 404 pp., $3.95).

Thing of Beauty by **A. J. Cronin** (Little, Brown, 440 pp., $4).

The Last Hurrah by **Edwin O'Connor** (Little, Brown, 427 pp., $4).

Andersonville by **MacKinlay Kantor** (World, 767 pp., $5).

Don't Go Near the Water by **William Brinkley** (Random House, 373 pp., $3.95).

The Rosemary Tree by **Elizabeth Goudge** (Coward-McCann, 381 pp., $3.95).

Imperial Woman by **Pearl Buck** (John Day, 376 pp., $4.95).

Saddlebag Parson by **Sara Jenkins** (Crowell, 249 pp., $3.50).

A Certain Smile by **Francoise Sagan** (Dutton, 128 pp., $2.95).

A Single Pebble by **John Hersey** (Alfred Knopf, 180 pp., $3).

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS

And the word became flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.—John 1:14

IN HIS revelation of God to the world, Jesus had no more important role than that of demonstrating in earthly life the Word and will of his heavenly Father. Men began to understand that God's Word was alive and relevant as they saw the life of Jesus and felt the impact of his words. His whole ministry was taken up with this attempt to reveal the Word and the purpose of God to the whole world.

This Word of God must come also to be alive in us. Love has meaning when one of us demonstrates love. Mercy is a full and useful word when some person shows mercy. Forgiveness is understandable when someone forgives.

The story is told of three noted scholars who were one day discussing which translation of the Bible they liked best. One said that he preferred an old English text called the Breeches Bible. Another liked one of the later translations.

The third was silent for a few moments, but when he was pressed by the others said, "I like my mother's translation best." They were amazed and began to say that they did not even know that his mother had been a translator. "Oh yes," he replied with obvious satisfaction, "she translated it by every act of her life."

The Word must become flesh in our day through us.

PRAYER: Help us, O Lord, to so live that we make thy Word real in the hearts of men. Amen.

—FARRIS F. MOORE

He will wipe away every tear from our eyes, and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning nor crying nor pain any more, for the former things have passed away.—Revelation 21:4

I WANT my little, bitty, blondy child back now!" She was a young mother, shaking in sorrow. The two had been walking together the day before. The little one had dropped her mother's hand, skipped into the street and been struck down by an oncoming truck. For the first time in her life the mother faced the brutal fact that we are always living in hazard.

But we are also living in grace! We must not blame God for the sorrows that come our way. He, too, shares the consequences of tragic happenings, and his love for us is such that his heart grieves for us. We must never forget that he is always in the hazard with us.

After all, God sent his own Son to live in the midst of hazard. Christ on the cross took the pain and death that went with it because he knew that in the end God would come up with a victory that would put them both in their place.

So it is with us as we share his faith. Everlasting arms uphold us through sorrow and defeat to the joyous day beyond them which is God's.

PRAYER: Lord God Almighty, grant us faith to trust in thee amidst all our hazards; and by thy grace keep us confident of thy power to bring good even out of the evil that besets our path. Amen.

—HARRISON DAVIS

And going into the house they saw the child with Mary his mother, and they fell down and worshiped him. Then, opening their treasures, they offered him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh.—Matthew 2:11

THIS HURTS me more than it does you," a mother says to her little boy when she has to punish him. Who is that child? Perhaps he sat at your breakfast table this morning. In not many years he may be your bishop, your senator, or your grandchild's college president. Or he may be a farmer, carpenter, or merchant and make his contribution as a Christian layman.

What a beautiful picture of mother and child must have greeted the Wise Men. It was illuminated by their faith that Mary's child was the one of whom the prophet said, "Behold, a virgin shall be with child and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call

Farris F. Moore
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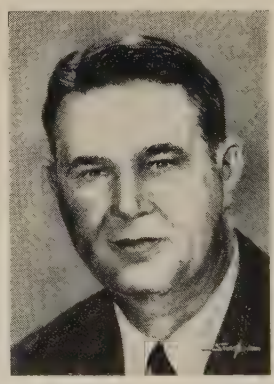

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Dr. Rall Answers Your Questions

Harris Franklin Rall
Professor Emeritus, Garrett Biblical Institute.

Q How can I stop worrying?

It doesn't help much to repeat the old jingle:

I've decided not to worry any more
And I'm living just as happy as before.

The Christian way of meeting an evil is never merely negative. We must drive it out by putting something else in its place.

God comes first. "[His] will be done" his will for our lives, and for our loved ones. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," beginning with me.

This is not a negative approach. It is a great affirmation of life and faith.

No man can solve life's daily problems without the help of God. It is not enough for us to begin the day with a prayer for divine assistance if we let work and worry crowd him out of our thoughts. God does not break down the door to our hearts. We must open it from within if he is really to change our life for the better. This means more than a formal, "Come in." It means earnest thought, meditation, prayer—"the practice of the presence of God," in theological language.

Q How should I read the Bible?

The Bible is a library. We do not enter a library and start reading every book on every shelf. Books are not all of equal importance. We read with a purpose and select accordingly. We have certain well-defined aims in mind before we begin.

So with the Bible. The Old Testament is a library rich in prophecy, codes of law, history, and genealogy. But because Christ is central, let us here consider only the New Testament.

We go to the Gospels, the books of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, to learn about the life of Jesus, his teaching, his spirit—and through them to know about God and what his will is for us. We are confident that there is help for our everyday problems here and now.

Paul's "epistles" or letters are a little harder reading, although most of them are sun-clear and deeply practical. Paul came after Jesus. He looked back on Jesus' life and death and showed the early Church the deep meaning of Christ as God's way of help. He showed Christ as a way of life, explained the meaning of the church and of God's gift of his Spirit.

For a plan of reading, I suggest you begin with the first three Gospels. By reading a chapter a day, you can finish in a little over two months. A good plan is to read a book through rapidly, several chapters a day, trying to get a picture of it as a whole. In this way you might read one of the Gospels in a week. Then go back and read again more slowly. Passages that you missed the first time will come alive, and yet your first reading will show the relationship of each one to the whole.

Follow this with a reading of the Fourth Gospel (John). Note how it differs from the first three Gospels, and try to state that difference to yourself. Then read Paul's letters and the Book of Acts in the same way.

his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." He grew to fulfill the holy mission. Because of him there is a holy mission in prospect for every child, whether he is a bishop or a farmer or a college president.

PRAYER: Help us, dear Father, to open our precious gifts of concern for our children. Help us to remember that every one of them is dear. Amen.

—FRANK E. LOCHRIDGE

Then Jesus said to him, "Begone, Satan! for it is written, 'You shall worship the Lord your God.'" Matthew 4:10

IT IS NOT a sin to be tempted; it is sin only if we yield. Temptations even came to Jesus in the wilderness. Just as he said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and turned his thoughts to serving God, so can you follow the example he has set.

A Christian does not live in a moral vacuum. The "wilderness" is not just a place in ancient Palestine. The place where you spend part of your time might be so designated. A man I know once described the place where he works as a "jungle." It is in the United States!

He meant that most of the people with whom he works do not seem Christian in thought, word and deed. He would have succumbed to the temptation to be like them, he insists, were it not for each Sunday's holy hours of worship supplemented by his own personal daily prayer and Bible reading. From them he gets inner spiritual resources which enable him to put on the armor of God and to say, "Get thee hence, Satan."

In our text Jesus gives not only an example of overcoming temptation, but he also presents a practical technique which each of us can use. Here it is. When an evil thought pursues us, grab a clean idea from God and hold it in your imagination until the evil thought is gone. Then immediately engage in some act of service to God and to others.

PRAYER: Help us, O Christ, always to remember that thy divine power is greater than any temptation which may assail us. Turn our minds and hearts toward Christ so that in him we shall gain mastery for the living of each day. In his name, Amen.

—ROGER J. SQUIRE

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MORE THAN four billion greeting cards were mailed in the United States last year! Stacked on top of each other, they would tower about 5,000 miles up into the sky. Every year most of those billions of merry-christmas-get-well-soon - happy - birthday - let's - be - friends - happy - easter - be - my - valentine greetings go up in smoke.

We used to burn our share. Sometimes we'd throw them away one at a time—or we'd accumulate them year after year until in a clean-up frenzy, we'd toss them by the boxful into the incinerator.

But no more. Our family has found that these cards have many uses. And we've had many happy nights together in planning, cutting, pasting and building. It has developed into a year-round hobby.

We, like millions of other American families, make home movies. And fine paper textures, fancy and funny figures, and appropriate verses make professional-quality title cards and introductions. The only equipment needed is a film titler—and imagination.

Our small fry used to complain because we showed "those old corny movies" so often. Now you should hear them squeal when we show something *they* designed! It's amazing how creative the children are becoming.

Last summer, for example, we shot several reels in the Canadian North Woods. Some sequences—I must admit—were splendid. We had Billy and Janie peering at a baby fawn, Dad netting a fighting Northern pike, and the whole family hiking or enjoying cook-outs.

For the film title we pasted birch-bark paper from a birthday greeting on a 3 by 5 inch index card. Using Billy's toy wood-burning set, we scorched in the paper: *North Woods Vacation*. It was then a simple trick to slip the card into the titler rack and photograph a few frames—and splice them into the first reel.

The same plan was followed for lists of characters, scenes, dates, etc. We used a Christmas card with a deer peeking out from pine trees, a birthday card of a beat-up hat covered with dry flies that looked ridiculously familiar, and a funny-faced skunk from a get-well card that brings back memories we'd just as soon forget.

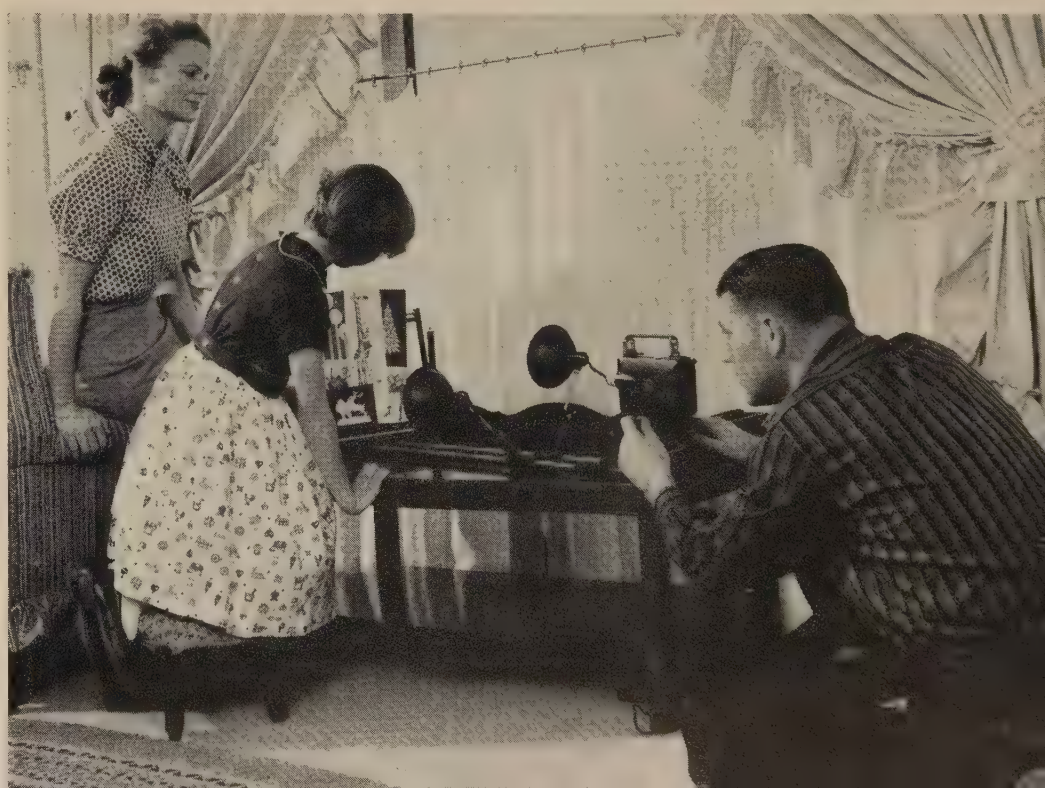
Using greetings for movies is but one of our many do-it-ourselves card tricks. Here are some others:

Shoji Screen: Our fanciest project was a divider screen, Japanese shoji style, of sailcloth stretched tightly over a frame of 1 by 2's. We cut out delicate flowers, butterflies, hummingbirds, etc., from cards, pasted them on and shellacked everything three coats. With a light from behind, it's a dramatic screen for the dining room.

Our simplest project was using cards for bookmarks.

Holiday Decorations: Biggest use is for decorating tricks. Use large figures as patterns for cutting out silhouettes in styrofoam plastic, as an outline to be filled in with soap for windows or mirror decoration, or for spattering around to get a white silhouette on flecked gold.

If you back cut-out figures with cardboard, leaving a tab to fold back on the



Home movie fans use Christmas cards to produce some colorful film titles.

bottom, you have some stand-up figures for toys or decoration. One year we mounted houses, churches, trees, animals, etc., this way and constructed a miniature Christmas village and Nativity scene. A tiny mirror for a pond, soap flakes for artificial snow, stars suspended in the sky with wires, and a tiny sewing machine light hidden behind the manger gave a dramatic showpiece.

Cut-outs mounted on a cardboard or plywood can also make quick inexpensive tree ornaments or tuck-in additions to Christmas wreaths or Easter baskets. Or when suspended by string on different lengths of thin dowel sticks or coat hanger wire, they make a striking seasonal mobile. Use all figures or mix them with ornaments at Christmas, eggs at Easter or candles at a birthday party.

Cut-out figures are good for party favors, too. For a child's Easter party, you might paste baby ducks, bunnies, and chicks to paper nut dishes and fill with jelly beans.

For an extra Christmas tree in the recreation room, paint or cut a large paper tree. Drape string side to side from one branch to another. Dangle cut-out "ornaments" from the strings.

For a year-round decoration put a tree of bare branches in the children's room. As they see interesting items or cut-outs, they can hang them from the branches.

Paste-Ups: Cut-out figures from cards can be used for many paste-up projects. Our kids like to paste animals into farm scenes, Christmas scenes, and woodland scenes on a 1-by-2-foot heavy cardboard and hang it as a picture.

Paste the cut-outs, either as a scene, casual scattering, or stylized repeating pattern on a plain ten-cent store tray. Shellac three times and you can serve with the season. The same principle can be used to decorate boxes for toys and cans for holding pencils, stamps, or jewelry.

Large potato-chip cans with two coats of white paint and covered with figures of ducks and bunnies and shellacked make inexpensive waste cans for a nursery.

Cards and Gift Wrapping: Parts of cards can be used for making your own personalized cards to send, or they can be used as gift cards by pasting them on a 1-by-3-inch white card with a string attached.

Use them for decorating gift packages and add a touch of whimsy by sticking a fluff of cotton on the cut-out bunny's tail or Santa's whiskers.

Frame-Ups: Our larger cards we often frame. Cute ones for the nursery, art reproductions for the hallway, collections of Grandma Moses' paintings, Currier and Ives, or Dorothy Simmons' madonnas make groups for all-year-round framings.

Some of our cards we add to those of our friends for more conventional uses, such as giving to orphanages, hospitals, and church organizations.

And some of the cards we just pack away again in dusty boxes for rainy days. We never know when we'll get some more ideas!

—Mary Jane Smithwick

What's Your Hobby?

Would you—whether you are 8 or 80—like to trade stamps with a Methodist living 2,000 miles away? Or swap old coins? Or have a pen pal? Each month TOGETHER will present a list of hobby categories like those below. Under each we will run names and addresses so you can get in touch with like-minded hobbyists. If you would like to be listed in this directory, send your name, address and special interests and age (for pen pals).—EDS

Antique Buttons:
L. A. Kingsbury, New Franklin, Mo.

Antique Glass:
Mrs. Desmond Walker, Mitchellville, Md.

Antique Guns:
John Braxton, Rt. 2, Graham, N. C.

Arts and Crafts:
Clara R. Sherren, R.F.D. 1, Winthrop, Iowa.

Bells:
Rev. Leon W. Bouton, 51 McKinley Ave., Endicott, N. Y.

Boating:
Robert Gore, 14507 Clark St., Riverdale, Ill.

Butterflies and Moths:
David W. Bouton, 51 McKinley Ave., Endicott, N. Y.

Buttons:
Lula Schwab, 313 W. Penn St., Butler, Pa.

Coins:
Robert Z. Carlisle, 101 W. Lockheed, Midwest City, Okla.; Richard Yeo, 111 Indiana Ave., Racine, Wis.

Costume Jewelry Making:
Mrs. Nelle Evans, 315 Pine St., Maywood, Ill.

Dolls:
Marianne Flee, 3327 Monteith Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Fishing:
E. E. Eberhardt, 716 N. Monroe, Albany, Ga.

Flowers:
Mrs. E. T. Harnett, 1021 Munroe Ave., Racine, Wis.

Furniture Building and Refinishing:
Lloyd Schafer, Hibbing, Minn.; Richard Day, Timberlane, Monee, Ill.

Genealogy:
Varra Underwood, 610 W. Maple St., Johnson City, Tenn. (Block-Harwell-Underwood families); Mrs. H. A. Morrill, 2114 W. 112th St., Chicago 43, Ill. (Whitmer family).

Hi-fidelity:
W. R. McMahon, 1017 College Ave., Racine, Wis.

Hunting:
John I. Allen, 1700 Granview Ave., Racine, Wis.

Miniature Shoes:
Agnes Plummer, West Scarboro, Me.

Miniature Nativity Scenes:
Mrs. Herbert Wegener, Rt. 2, Box 13, Manawa, Wis.

Model Circus Wagons and Trains:
C. C. Day, Box 181, South Omaha, Neb.

Pennants:
Donald Lee Day, 3251 Fuller St., Fort Worth, Tex.

Poetry:
Mrs. R. B. Ellis, 619 East Washington St., Pasadena, Calif.

Post Card Collecting:
Gladys A. Meyrick, 689 S. Ray St., St. Paul, Minn.

Proverbs:
Mrs. Verna Hellman, P.O. Box 122, Rapid City, S. Dak.

Printing:
Rev. Earl A. Cook, Rt. 4, Kannapolis, N. C.

Photography:
E. G. Rutherford, 1505 College Ave., Racine, Wis.

Recipes:
Earline Cooper, Wake Forest, N. C.

Records:
Jo Copley, 935 University Ave., Madison, Wis.

Rock Collecting:
Lulie James, 128 1/2 S. Main St., Tipton, Ind.

Stamps:
R. C. Tubbesing, 814 Maple St., Red Wing, Minn.; Dan McDonald, Box 615, Del Norte, Col.; Mrs. Richard Powers, 106 W. Green St., Johnstown, N. Y.; David V. Harsh, 4116 W. Oklahoma Ave., Milwaukee 15, Wis.; Jesse P. Waite, 203 W. Mantua Ave., Wenonal, N. J.

Writing:
Bette Killion, Reelsville, Ind.

Writing Verse:
Mrs. Ella P. Smith, Weldon, Cal.

Pen Pals (open to age 18):
Ann Williams (age 16), Box 121, Winnebago, Minn.

LETTERS continued from page 4

The First Methodist Church of Fresno, California, and Dr. Donald D. Parker, head of the department of history at South Dakota State College, Brookings, South Dakota.—EDS.

Suggestion from Canada

MRS. HELEN KOTZENMEYER
Ontario, Canada

In *Time* for October 22 I have read of TOGETHER (for families) and of the NEW CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE (for ministers).

Could I see copies of these and know the cost of subscriptions as possible Christmas gifts to my friends young and old?

We are of old English Methodist stock and feel our Old Country cousins might find this of real interest as well as we of "The United Church of Canada" who are former Methodists.

A good idea, Mrs. Kotzenmeyer. There's a special rate for gift subscriptions on TOGETHER: *$3 for the first: additional ones $2. And maybe it's not amiss to add that in a giving sense any day in the year can be Christmas!*—EDS.

Older Pen Pals Too?

GEORGE T. GREEN
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

Why limit pen pals [*Hobby Alley, page 64*] to those under 18? For some time I have been exchanging with a family in England whose name I got out of a *War Cry*. We adults carry it on. They have a boy twelve. Our children are grown and gone, but their Philip has an "Uncle George" in America.

I am wondering if this idea couldn't be expanded with adults carrying on but talking about the whole family. It seems to me that this could lead to a lot of fine togetherness.

'Together' Goes to Brazil

G. T. ANDREWS
Bowling Green, Missouri

Have the first issue of TOGETHER and have enjoyed it, but now I find myself without the copy. It happened this way:

There were two gentlemen from Brazil, who are touring the United States, who are university men and editors of magazines. They noticed this magazine, TOGETHER, and became fascinated with its construction saying, "We have never seen anything like it, and just how can we procure a copy of this outstanding paper?" So I gave them mine and you should have seen their delight. They said, "We are Catholics, but there are Methodists there."

So am in hopes I can get my copy replaced.

Prize Home Visitor

MRS. HERBERT J. FRAME
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

This TOGETHER magazine thrilled me. I am proud to be receiving such a wonderful church publication. I was looking forward to it. Now . . . I find it above all my expectations. It will be a prize visitor in my home every month. I have read the *Advocate* for 36 years.

The prospectus of the Christian Advocate *for September 9, 1826, said it would be "designed to be an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visiter* [sic]"—*and we're glad you think* TOGETHER *is carrying on in that venerable tradition.*—EDS.

Retreat House in Connecticut.

Re: Another Sallman Painting

JOHN E. POST, *Pastor*
North Methodist Church
Manchester, Connecticut

Only five minutes from one of the busiest highways in our part of Connecticut, we have a refuge set apart for the spiritual refreshment of our Norwich District ministers and laymen. I thought of it when I saw Warner Sallman's famed painting in October's TOGETHER, for we have used another of the Sallman masterpieces as the center of our sanctuary.

The house is completely equipped and suited to accommodate a dozen people. Entering, one sees a plaque with these words: "To those who serve his cause, this place is dedicated as a sanctuary for the worship of God, and as a refuge from the swift currents of life." Above the plaque is Sallman's *Christ at Dawn*.

A distant cousin willed a property to my wife and me, and we felt that it ought to be sold and another purchased near by. We decided to give this over to our brethren as a retreat house. It is near a rushing stream, a waterfall, in acres of woodland.

Grandmother & Grandson Like It

MRS. EDITH DAVIS
Toledo, Ohio

I want to tell you how much we enjoyed our new magazine, TOGETHER. Even my little grandson has looked it over many times. I'm sure it will reach far. God bless your work.

'First Issue . . . Attractive'

RALPH W. SOCKMAN, *Pastor*
Christ Church
New York, New York

The first issue of the new paper, TOGETHER, has come. It is very attractive and I am sure will give great impetus to the plan of promotion . . .

I want to see just how best we can get this into the hands of our people. I am getting my staff to work on it.

Hiroshima Maidens in Jersey

ROGER SQUIRE, *Pastor*
The First Methodist Church
Red Bank, New Jersey

Readers of TOGETHER might be interested to know that at least one Methodist church in the United States shared in the Hiroshima Maiden project which Norman Cousins ably reported in your October issue.

The Methodist Church of Red Bank, N. J., took the lead in providing hospitality for Emiko Takemoto, a Methodist, and Motoko Yamashita, a Buddhist. Both of these Japanese maidens attended worship services and older youth activities. For their first 10 weeks in America they shared our parsonage family life. They revealed no hostility in spite of their horrible atomic scarring. Instead, they were overwhelmed by the love and kindness which the American people showed them on every occasion.

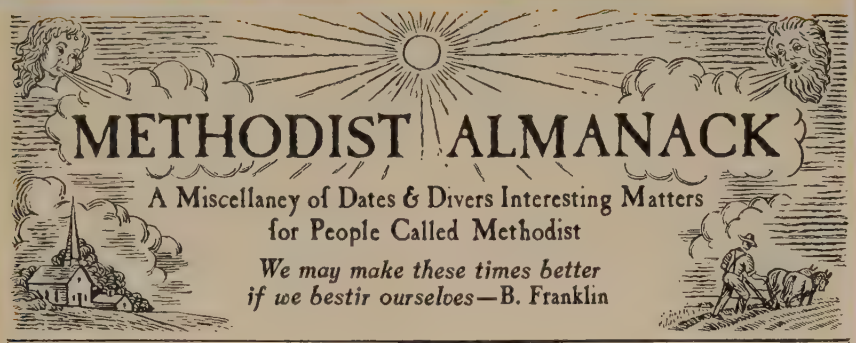
From Hiroshima's Ashes. . . .

SARAH S. PARROTT
Methodist Board of Missions
New York, New York

Norman Cousins told an interesting story of Methodism-at-work in his excellent article, *The Hiroshima Maidens Go Home,* in the October TOGETHER. But more can be said.

Our Hiroshima Girls' School was destroyed by the bomb that leveled the city. It killed 350 girls of the 900 enrolled, and totally demolished the buildings.

But The Methodist Church and its school (conducted by the Woman's Di-



DECEMBER hath XXXI days — 12th Month

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play...
Of peace on earth, good will to men.—Longfellow

15	Sa	Read Luke 2:4-20; Isaiah 40:1-11
16	S	Boston has tea party, 1773
17	M	Wright Bros. fly first plane, 1903
18	Tu	Chas. Wesley b. 1707
19	W	*Little strokes fell great oaks*
20	Th	U. S. takes title to Louisiana, 1803
21	Fr	Pilgrims find Plymouth Rock, 1620
22	Sa	Winter begins today
23	S	*Let thy vices die before thee*
24	M	American Methodism born in Baltimore
25	Tu	Christmas Day
26	W	Washington crosses Delaware, takes Trenton, 1776
27	Th	*Early ripe, early rotten*
28	Fr	First chewing gum patent, 1869
29	Sa	YMCA begins in U. S., 1851
30	S	Student Recognition Day
31	M	New Year's Eve

■ The year, 1784. From England, Methodism's founder, John Wesley, named Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury American "superintendents." They called preachers to Baltimore's Lovely Lane Chapel, who set up an independent church, elected Coke and Asbury "Bishops." Wesley disapproved. "I shudder... at the very thought," he wrote. But the title stuck.

Coke

Asbury

JANUARY hath XXXI days — 1st Month

Winter draws out what summer laid in—Fuller

1	Tu	Paul Revere b. 1735
2	W	U.S., Canada agree to save Niagara, 1929
3	Th	*Many people are lonely because*
4	Fr	*They build walls instead of bridges*
5	Sa	First woman governor takes office, Wyo., 1925
6	S	Epiphany
7	M	WSCS meets in Buck Hill Falls, Pa.
8	Tu	Baldwin builds locomotive, 1831
9	W	America sends up first balloon, 1793
10	Th	U. N. opens first Assembly, 1946
11	Fr	*Half the truth is often a great lie*
12	Sa	Cleveland (Ohio) carfare is 3¢, 1907
13	S	*He has lost his boots but sav'd his spurs*
14	M	Telephones introduced to England, 1878

■ The engine was a working model built for a Philadelphia museum. Its cars took four passengers on a tour of the building. A railroad firm was impressed, asked Baldwin to build a full-sized engine. He agreed, produced the famous "Old Ironsides," one of first U. S. locomotives. In 1832 a Philadelphia newspaper announced, "The locomotive-engine, built by M. W. Baldwin, of this city, will depart daily, when the weather is fair... on rainy days horses will be attached."

vision of Christian Service) have triumphed over the incredible tragedy. Buildings for the college department have just been completed, and today Hiroshima Girls' School has an enrollment of over 1000 in high school and over 350 in college.

Methodists can well be proud of their school, which opened in 1886 in rented rooms, grew in work and influence through the years, was destroyed in 1945, and today—rebuilt and still growing—continues its work.

What's Worse Than No Verse!

J. B. Ely, *Retired Minister*
Morristown, Tennessee

One omission from Together displeases me mightily—and astounds. Not a single poem! Are we to infer that you think poetry completely *passe* in this scientific age? Or is it only that you are afraid of being flooded with religious doggerel and boycotted by unpublished contributors?

Whatever the reason, the omission is regrettable (should I say incredible?) for the kind of magazine Together aspires to be.

Of course, none of us wants the sort of verse that says nothing worth while in enigmatic phrases. But devout and graceful poems would be greatly appreciated, I believe, by a majority of your readers. (Have no fear—I shall submit no attempts myself!)

A good point, Brother Ely! But we're doing better—and hope you liked Carl Sandburg's poem in November.—Eds.

Hits Hi-C Girls Right

Emerson S. Colaw, *Pastor*
Edison Park Methodist Church
Chicago, Illinois

I thought you would enjoy this letter which we received from Lynne Wallace, a girl in our church who attends a school for handicapped children.

"I have found a great use for Together, as I have just joined the Hi-C Club down at Spaulding High School. High-C means High Crusader, and this club is based on the idea of 'Youth for Christ.'

"We have Bible discussions, singing, etc., so you can see why I enjoy the magazine—especially that story on John Wesley and Martin Luther. I also enjoyed the story about the picture that Sallman painted of Christ. That is the picture which you gave us on the Confirmation Parent's Night."

In our church we are using the "every-family plan," and that is why she received a copy.

NEWS of the world parish

SHOCKED CHRISTIAN WORLD AIDS HUNGARIANS

Christian churches throughout the world are preparing for a long-term assignment housing and resettling thousands of Hungarian refugees.

The churches answered Russian tank guns and wanton killing with sharp retorts of indignation, shock and grief, then moved boldly to collect and transport truck loads of medical supplies, blankets, food, and clothing to the suffering country.

Russia's massive brutality ignited mass protest from every church group —including Methodists.

Leading Methodist layman Bradshaw Mintener, who recently resigned as Assistant Secretary of the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, said Russian and Communist Chinese leaders "must prove their desire for peace. We cannot prove it for them."

But while some leaders spoke out in forcefully clear language, others were busy handling the immediate emergency and charting a future course.

The Austrian Methodist Church in Linz opened its doors to 40 Hungarian children and provided them with shelter, meals, and schooling facilities.

The Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief sent $2,000 and offered to provide resettlement assurances to bring 250 escapees from Hungary to the United States.

Similar help poured in from the British Council of Churches, Canadian churches, Lutheran World Federation, U. S. Church World Service, Belgium Protestant churches and many more branches of the World Council of Churches.

Danish churches recently gave $45,000 on one Sunday, the largest amount ever raised by a single appeal.

Before the Russians returned to Budapest, far-reaching changes were under way in Hungarian Protesantism. It had been proposed that new elections be held in both Lutheran and Reformed churches for all posts held since 1948. It also was expected that church institutions which had been banned would be reopened.

There has been no late word about these changes, or the fate of 41 congregations and 2,000 Hungarian Methodists.

Whatever the church's initial response to the plight of the Hungarians, money and goods will be needed for months to come, a World Council spokesman said.

Looking still further to the future in a speech at Union Methodist Church, Washington, D. C., Harold E. Stassen, presidential disarmament assistant, declared the chances for world peace "rest in large part upon the ability of Christian clergymen and laymen to translate their religious faith into everyday action and leadership."

CHURCH GIVING

Reaches Record High

Americans gave more to their churches last year than ever before in history.

Gifts totaled $1,800,000,000—an 11 per cent increase—according to reports from 48 Protestant and 2 Eastern Orthodox churches.

The more than 9 million members of The Methodist Church gave the most—$380,400,000. But the per capita average of $41.82 fell below the national figure of $53.94.

The highest per member giving was by Seventh Day Adventists with $194.12, while Free Methodists followed closely with $193.45. Nine other denominations, including Wesleyan Methodist, gave more than $100 per member.

The figures, for 1955, represent the giving of more than 48,800,000 church members and a per capita increase of 8 per cent—from $49.96 in 1954 to a new all-time high of $53.94.

Churchmen gave a little more than a billion dollars for congregational expenses—an increase of nearly 12 per cent.

ALCOHOLICS

Need Help, Not Sermons

Too many churches look upon alcoholics as "untouchables."

Instead, the church should be a place of refuge. "Its job is to lend a helping hand to alcoholics and work patiently at the long task of rehabilitating them," the Rev. Thomas J. Shipp of Dallas, Tex., told 100 Methodist temperance leaders from 12 states recently at Buck Hill Falls, Pa. (An article about Mr. Shipp appeared in TOGETHER for November.)

"You don't help an alcoholic by preaching, scolding, or by scaring him —and certainly not by ignoring him," he said.

Echoing the same idea, Bishop John Wesley Lord charged "passionate prohibitionists" with "a monstrous hypocrisy" if they preach against alcohol-

Liberian President William Tubman and his wife (left) *are greeted by German Chancellor Adenauer* (second from right) *during couple's second European visit. In Hamburg, Dr. Tubman, a Methodist lay preacher, worshiped at Ebenezer Church. Son of a Methodist pastor, he has been a General Conference delegate.*

People 60 to 80

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ism and are unconcerned about the social evils that foster it. Alcoholism is a "whole series of problems . . . all part of one running sore."

Other facts brought out at the meeting:

- Fifty-six per cent of the teen-agers in 90 communities said they got their first drink in their own homes.
- There were five million arrests for drunkenness last year.
- Seventy per cent of all highway accidents are "liquor related."
- Male alcoholics outnumber women six to one.
- Twenty-three per cent of the nation's $15-billion annual crime bill is due to drink.
- Sixty per cent of the nation's four million alcoholics are from disturbed or insecure homes.

News Digest . . .

EPISCOPALIANS in good standing cannot be members of the Ku Klux Klan. This opinion is expressed by 39 ministers and 270 laymen of the Florida diocese responding to a recent questionnaire.

LIQUOR establishments outnumber churches better than four to three, the Internal Revenue Service reports.

MOSCOW radio complains that lack of cultural opportunities is causing Soviet youth to turn to religion, vodka, or careers of crime.

ROMAN CATHOLICS in Syracuse, N. Y., were urged recently to boycott the Ed Sullivan Show because of the guest star appearance of rock 'n roll singer Elvis Presley.

RUSSIAN tourists continue to visit Vatican City in large numbers. A recent group—the fourth this year—numbered about 500.

CISTERCIAN MONKS on Caldy Island, off the coast of Wales, plan to boost farm income by making perfume, which will be marketed by one of Ireland's leading fashion designers.

TITHING program at the First Baptist Church, Little Rock, Ark., is presented on a money-back basis. Members unsatisfied with the method of giving get a refund. Seventy per cent of the congregation like the idea.

COLD CLIMATE Methodists in Svolvaer, Norway, above the Arctic Circle, are building a new church. They want to have more influence with codfishermen, who double the town's population in the fishing season.

CHRISTMASTIME in Miami will see the debut of a unique choir that will recite rather than sing. The group is being organized by the drama department of the Greater Miami Council of Churches.

BARBERS in New Jersey have voted to purge their shops of cheesecake calendars, suggestive comic books, and scandal magazines. They also pledged to guard their conversation in the presence of little shavers.

RELIGIOUS publications—492 of them—constitute the second largest group of periodicals in West Germany. Their circulation (16,906,402) is surpassed only by industrial and trade publications.

THE CHRISTIAN LABOR Association, an independent union which

For more than six months, youths of First Methodist Church in Temple, Tex., kept alive Mrs. W. A. Brady, a 50-year member, with blood transfusions. Each time a church-school class member gave blood, a tiny bottle went up on a cardboard heart in the classroom. Above: Mrs. Brady (fourth from left) *and some of her friends.*

stresses religious principles, has won a foothold in western Minnesota. A CLA local was certified bargaining agent for a group of construction workers when CLA defeated an AFL-CIO local in a National Labor Relations Board election. Said a disturbed AFL-CIO leader: "We know how to whip (another) union. But how can you do it if they claim God on their side?" CLA requires its officers to be "of a Christian profession."

IN ALGERIA, where converts from Islam to Christianity are few, a mother, her daughter and her granddaughter have been baptized by the Methodist Church. They join 400 other Methodists in North Africa.

IN KOREA

Baptize 700 Co-eds

The much-traveled general secretary of the Board of Evangelism, who talks about Christ to bellboys, waitresses, and cab drivers, recently baptized 700 women in Korea.

Dr. Harry Denman conducted the evangelistic mission at Ewha University in Seoul, where 4,000 students attended services each morning. University President Helen Kim acted as interpreter for Dr. Denman, but more than half the students understood English.

Before returning to this country, Dr. Denman toured the Scandinavian countries and spent 10 days in Russia.

A great believer in personal evangelism, Dr. Denman often spends time between trains or planes making a door-to-door canvass in the interest of the church.

CHURCH BUILDING

1956 to Set New Record

A fall surge has put church construction well ahead of 1955 and assures a record high for 1956.

Earlier this year building lagged behind last year. But in October, when activity usually tapers off, the volume reached $76,000,000.

This was $2 million higher than September, $5 million more than August, and $8 million above October, 1955, government officials report.

PLANKS TO PULPIT

Arkansan Shifts Career

To Charles A. Stuck, 56-year-old Methodist layman, it seemed unfair to give God the "tag end" of his life.

He had planned that at 65, he would step out of his successful building materials business in Jonesboro, Ark., and devote his time to the church.

But as time went on he felt an in-

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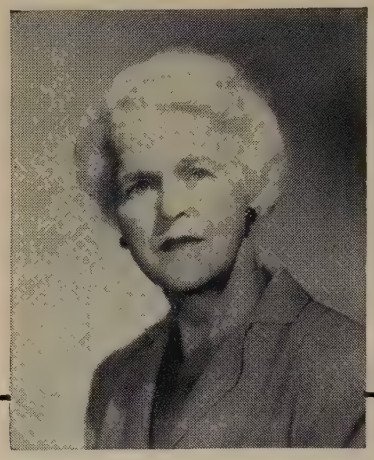

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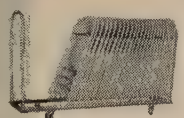

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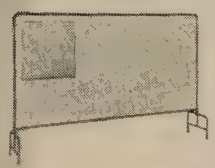

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FOR THE BLIND

'Upper Room' on Records

The Upper Room, Methodist devotional guide now circulating about 3,000,000 copies, will be recorded for the blind beginning in January.

There are 320,000 blind persons in the U.S. and only 10 per cent can read the Braille edition of the devotional.

The "talking book" edition will be produced at the American Printing House for the Blind, Louisville, Ky., in co-operation with *The Upper Room* staff in Nashville, Tenn.

Many of the more than 10,000 Methodist Men's clubs in the United States are planning to finance subscriptions for the blind in their communities.

Each issue will be on three long playing records. A year's subscription (18 discs) will cost $10.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Oppose 'Going Steady'

Roman Catholic leaders are taking a firm stand against the the teen-age practime of "going steady."

Archbishop William W. Brady of St. Paul, Minn., writing in his diocesan bulletin, warned that the practice is harmful spiritually, physically, and psychologically.

"It is pathetic," he said, "when one views the warped social life which results when what should grace 21 is begun awkwardly at 13."

The archbishop pointed an accusing finger at parental laxity and overindul-

Christmas Quiz

(*From Page 48*)

(1) Cyrenius or Quirinius, Syria, census. (2) Mary, Joseph, Bethlehem. (3) Jesus, born. (4) Shepherds. (5) Angel, manger. (6) Wise Men, star, Jesus. (7) Gold, frankincense, myrrh. (8) King, Jews. (9) Egypt. (10) Nazareth, favor.

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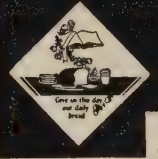

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HOW TO CHOOSE AND USE HEARING GLASSES

Getting together in BASKETBALL

THE UNIVERSITY of Washington's 1922 basketball team plainly was in trouble at midseason. There was dissension on the squad. Some of the Huskies felt one of their teammates was shooting too much. This cager and his friends thought the others weren't putting out as they should. Sharp words were exchanged at practice sessions.

Coach Hec Edmundson was worried. Then, before an important Pacific Coast Conference game, he gathered his boys around him in the dressing room.

"Fellows," he said, "we're a team. This means we play together, not against each other." He went on to say that there was no use finishing the season unless there was an "all for one" spirit.

Just before the game started, Edmundson suddenly asked all members of the squad to form a tight circle just in front of their bench.

"Now," he said, "put your hands together and promise that you'll play together from now on. Say you'll give your very best for the team."

The cagers bent low so that their hands could join in the center of the circle. The crowd, puzzled, stood up to see what was going on. They thought the players were praying.

The Huskies won that game and went on to a successful 11-won, 5-lost record in the Pacific Coast Conference. Edmundson not only was retained as coach the next year, but he remained in charge of the Huskies through the 1947 season, after which he retired. And his name lives in Seattle, for the 11,600-seat University of Washington basketball pavilion is now known as "Edmundson Pavilion."

Even more enduring is the handclasp he ordered back in 1922. It's now used by nearly every basketball team in all parts of the world.

—JIM SCOTT

gence as causes for steady dating. He spoke of youngsters being "conditioned to luxuries which they have not earned, parties, outfits, and projects which a sophisticated society tries to demand without understanding that to 'keep up with the Jones boys' is hardly an effective training in responsibility and certainly no training in self-denial."

Msgr. Joseph P. McGlinchey, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass., recently told students in the parish's high school that those who persisted in "going steady" would be barred from "any position of leadership or honor" in the school.

The monsignor said that exclusive dating by teen-agers is morally wrong because it "is or can be an occasion of serious sin" against chastity.

BROTHERHOOD

The Tape Went Through!

Twentieth century technology and old-fashioned ingenuity helped Bishop and Mrs. Edgar A. Love keep a long-planned appointment despite injuries received in an automobile accident.

They were driving on the Baltimore-Washington Expressway in a heavy rain when their car went out of control and crashed.

While the couple escaped with minor leg and head injuries, the accident wrecked their car—and plans to participate in brotherhood night at the Methodist Temple, Fairmont, W. Va.

Bishop Love, unwilling to disrupt the Fairmont program, put his message on a tape recorder and Mrs. Love taped a running commentary for a film that was shown.

"It was a splendid evening and rewarding program," said the Rev. Alva T. Stewart, Temple pastor.

ALASKA COLLEGE

Gifts Near $2 Million

Methodists in 6,022 churches have given nearly $1 million to the proposed Alaska Methodist College in Anchorage. The school will be the only Protestant college in Alaska.

The completed project will cost an estimated $5,500,000. Pledged or paid contributions already add up to nearly $2 million, reports the Rev. H. L. Johns, director of financial promotion.

The curriculum will offer instruction in three liberal arts divisions: the humanities, social sciences, mathematics, and natural sciences.

The planning committee recently re-elected Bishop A. Raymond Grant, Portland, chairman; and the Rev. P. Gordon Gould, Philadelphia, treasurer; and elected John Connolly, Anchorage attorney, vice-chairman.

METHODIST STUDENTS

Consider Campus Merger

Methodist college students may dissolve their present nationwide organization, the Methodist Student Movement, and join four other Protestant student groups in a new organization.

The proposed body, called the United Campus Christian Fellowship, would include, in addition to the MSM, student groups of Presbyterians, Disciples of Christ, Congregational, and Evangelical and Reformed churches.

Student leaders of the five denominations approved the plan for union at a recent meeting in Chicago. The merger, except for Methodists, will take place in 1958 if the plan is approved in denominational meetings next summer.

Methodists are waiting to see how the plan develops before making a final commitment to the program. They have pointed out they will be unable to join before 1960 General Conference.

Purpose of the merger is to strengthen Christian work and fellowship, especially on small campuses where denominational groups have few members.

The union would involve some 760,000 students.

MIDDLE EAST

Scholars Continue Study

Despite Middle East hostilities, scholars in Cairo and Jerusalem continue to report exciting news about ancient manuscripts.

One of the 2,000-year-old Dead Sea Scrolls, poorly preserved and brittle, proved to be a collection of stories relating to the book of Genesis and the account of Sarah and her husband, Abraham, Jerusalem archaeologists have announced.

Sarah, who according to the Bible was "very fair," is described in great detail in the excerpt.

The description runs:

"And how beautiful the look of her face . . . and how fine is the hair of her head . . . How beautiful her breast and how lovely all her whiteness. Her arms goodly to look upon, and her hand how perfect . . ."

Knowing the Egyptian King Paraon-Zoan desired his wife, the excerpt says, Abraham prayed to God to descend upon the king, "and all his household and may he not this night defile my wife . . ."

God did send a deadly wind, and Sarah was restored to Abraham, and he was allowed to leave the Pharaoh's country "exceedingly rich in cattle and also in silver and gold."

In Cairo, scholars finally are being

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I hold my son—as she held hers.
My son, too, is a miracle of God's creation,
Making my mother's heart sing—even in the fear
Of uncertainty. My son too wears borrowed clothes;
He sits in the dust of a borrowed land;
He feeds from a borrowed bowl, filled with borrowed milk.
He is my firstborn . . . and I hold him in love,
As she held hers, who mothered the Son of the One God.
Christmas offerings to MCOR help feed and clothe those in distress.
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Let's Get Acquainted

Watercolorist Johnson

MONTHS AGO, when TOGETHER was still in the planning stage, Art Editor Floyd A. Johnson had a striking idea. Why not, he suggested, a series of paintings depicting the creation as described in Genesis?

We of the editorial staff liked it . . . and for the job nominated Floyd, who is an active Methodist layman and an artist with nearly 30 years' experience. He went to work with zest, pouring 200 hours (including unhired weekends) into those watercolors reproduced on pages 35-42.

Along the way, he met some peculiar problems. How, for instance, should Adam and Eve, clothed in nothing more than innocence, be presented to our family audience? "It seemed best to put both of them behind a palm leaf," Floyd decided.

That was easier than deciding how to interpret the command: "Let There Be Light." Should this painting show a blinding, blazing flash of brilliance? Or a sunrise-like glow? The blinding-light concept was championed by Contributing Editor Roy L. Smith—and adopted, as you will see on page 35.

These paintings were previewed at General Conference last May in Minneapolis and, judging from the number of people who wanted to buy the originals, our favorite artist has reached another pinnacle in his career.

•

For the second time we present William F. McDermott, whose *Tenement Manger* appears on page 11. You've probably enjoyed his articles in *Reader's Digest, Saturday Evening Post,* and other magazines. We're still getting letters about his story how Warner Sallman painted the famous painting, *Head of Christ,* which was featured last October in the first issue of TOGETHER. "Bill" is an ordained Presbyterian minister from Kansas, but for many years was on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News.* He likes to preach—"but at heart, I'm a newspaperman," he says.

•

One of America's most beloved playwrights was Channing Pollock, who died in 1946. And one of his most famous plays was *The Fool.* It told the poignant story of a minister who struggled to live by his convictions. The drama won wide favor among church audiences.

We hope you'll get the same "lift" from his true-life story, *A Strange Way to Make Friends,* on page 16. It is one of the few unpublished manuscripts found among his effects. We can share it with you because of the generosity of his daughter, Helen Channing Pollock.

•

PICTURE CREDITS—3—Three Lions • 4—Vivienne Lapham • 7—Wide World • 9—Wide World • 10—International News • 13—Peter Marcus • 23, 24, 25—Orman S. Longstreet • 26—United Press, UNations • 27—Black Star • 28—United Press, UNations, Wide World • 31—United Press • 32—SC Photo, L. Covello • 33—Robert W. Johnston, L. Covello • 50—McGraw-Hill Book Company • 63—Charles Keysor • 67—Deutsche Presse Agentur • 75—Methodist Board of Missions • 76—Pietro Balestrero

(Apologies to the following whose credits were not listed for last month's color picture section. —EDS.)—39—Bettman Archive • 40—Publix Pictorial, H. Armstrong Roberts • 41—Robert Case, George A. Douglas • 42, 43—Harold M. Lambert • 44—Robert Case • 45—Three Lions • 46—Arthur Griffin

permitted to examine Coptic manuscripts that have been shut up in a suitcase since their discovery back in 1945.

The manuscripts were found by farmers working their fields. Some authorities believe they are as important as the Dead Sea Scrolls, found in a cave near Jericho in 1948.

A French scholar said one of the manuscripts contains a number of previously unknown sayings attributed to Jesus.

Prof. Henri C. Puesch, member of a seven-man team of international scholars, disclosed none of the sayings appear in the four recognized Gospels.

The manuscript, 20 yellowed pages of papyrus written in the ancient Coptic tongue, appears to be a Third Century translation from Greek.

100 YEARS IN INDIA

Methodists Look to Future

This year Methodism in India is 100 years old.

It was in the fall of 1856 that William Butler and his wife, from Boston, stepped down the gangplank in Calcutta to start a mission. Now there are 600,000 Methodists in Southern Asia (India and Pakistan).

They have built churches, colleges, theological seminaries, hospitals, homes for orphans and the handicapped.

Methodists in India have helped bring about sweeping social and economic changes—the gradual disintegration of the caste system, improvements in the status of women, and better village living.

That century of achievement and some notable frustrations has been telescoped into recent colorful pageants, musicals, art exhibitions and rallies at Lucknow Christian College. These events climaxed the year-long anniversary celebration throughout India.

While glancing back, Indian Methodists also have taken a long, studied look ahead. And this has centered on a pivotal question.

Is the Christian missionary movement in this fiercely independent, young nation to continue?

The government's recent decision to regulate the entrance of mission-

aries and to establish conditions for their conduct has brought sharp reaction from Indian and U. S. Methodists.

Complicating the problem is a movement toward a united church. Some Indian Methodists predict that by 1960 The Methodist Church in India will be merged with the proposed Church of North India.

Some U. S. missionaries there say the real question is: "Do Indian Christians still want missionaries?"

The answer from a U. S. church leader and *The Indian Witness,* official Methodist organ of Southern Asia, is "yes"—with reservations. It lists these conditions:

There must be no strings attached to the help.

The missionaries must be invited.

They must work at jobs determined by the Indian church.

They must identify themselves with the local church.

The centennial celebration brought to Lucknow friends and leaders of Methodism not only from India, but from overseas.

Forty-two U. S. Methodists, under Board of Missions sponsorship, came in unofficial capacities to observe and meet the Indian people.

Representing the Council of Bishops and Board of Missions was Bishop Arthur J. Moore; the board's Division of World Missions, the Rev. Charles F. Golden; Woman's Division of Christian Service, Mrs. John M. Pearson; and World Methodist Council, the Rev. Karl K. Quimby.

Bishop J. Waskom Pickett and a class of newly ordained Indian pastors.

This picturesque choir and orchestra of Indian Methodists performed in many U.S. cities this year as part of Indian Methodism's 100th anniversary observance.

A common scene in India: Villagers thresh grain as their ancestors did.

This colorful bit of Americana is from a peaceful farm in Arizona and comes from the camera of Pietro Balestrero.

. . . for amber waves of grain

DO YOU TAKE color photos? Do you have a few favorite shots that you'd like to share with readers of TOGETHER?

We invite you to send them in for consideration *if in some way they illustrate either an idea or a phrase from Katherine Lee Bates' beloved hymn-poem, "America the Beautiful."*

We're planning an eight-page portfolio, such as the one in the last issue on Thanksgiving and New England. We welcome your help in making it beautiful and dramatically effective.

You remember the poem, of course. If you didn't see it in TOGETHER last month, you'll find it in many anthologies or in *The Methodist Hymnal* (number 491). Read it thoughtfully, unleash your imagination — then study your pictures!

Send as many transparencies as you wish (*not* prints) to the Photo Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush st., Chicago 11, Illinois. Selection will be based on subject matter primarily. But, of course, the composition, design, and sharpness of detail will be considered, too.

To you who submit the pictures that are used, we'll send $25 for 35 mm (slide) size and $35 for the larger ones. We'll observe all reasonable care in handling them and return those not used—*if* return postage is provided. *But to be considered, your transparencies must reach us not later than February 15, 1957.*—EDS.

the Christmas Story comes alive for you and your family . . .

Illustration from *The Coming of the King*

WHY THE CHIMES RANG

By Raymond MacDonald Alden. A new edition in picture-book format of a Christmas tale that has long been a standard for children of all ages, from kindergarten up. This heartwarming story of a little boy whose sacrificial gift proved greater than that of a king's crown is illustrated in color by Ragaello Busoni.
(BM) ..... *postpaid,* **$1.75**

A TREASURY OF CHRISTMAS SONGS AND CAROLS

Edited by Henry W. Simon. All the best loved and most familiar carols are here, along with many equally beautiful ones that deserve to be better known. (HM) ..... *postpaid,* **$4.95**

THE COMING OF THE KING

By Norman Vincent Peale. Simply and reverently, Dr. Peale tells for children the beloved story of the birth of Christ. Inspired by a visit to the land where Jesus lived and taught almost 2,000 years ago, Dr. Peale has captured the mystery and the drama of an event so great that it began a new era and changed the entire course of human history. (PH) *postpaid,* **$2.00**

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

By Kathleen Lines. This is the story of the first Christmas. There is a simple text—a line or two for every page, and the Biblical text at the back of the book. A beautiful picture book that emphasizes Christmas as a day of worship. (WX) ..... *postpaid,* **$3.95**

THE SMALL ONE

By Charles Tazewell. This is the tender story of the little donkey that carried Mary into Bethlehem on the silent night long ago. It tells why donkeys are not stubborn but proud of fulfilling their destiny. The timeless charm and appeal of this book make it a favorite of every age at Christmas time. (JW) ..... *postpaid,* **$1.50**

THE LITTLE SERVING MAID

By Grace Noll Crowell. Another story from the author who captures the meaning of Christmas so well. This is a story out of the past about Rebecca, the little serving maid, and her part in the wondrous events of the first Christmas. She was one of the first to see the Christ child, and she gave him her two beautiful doves that she loved so much.
(AU) ..... *postpaid,* **$1.00**

THE STORY OF THE OTHER WISE MAN

By Henry Van Dyke. An appealing narrative of the journeyings, trials and disappointments of the *fourth* wise man. He also saw the Eastern Star, set out to follow it, failed to find the Baby Jesus, but won a triumph in his failure.
(HA) ..... *postpaid,* **$1.00**

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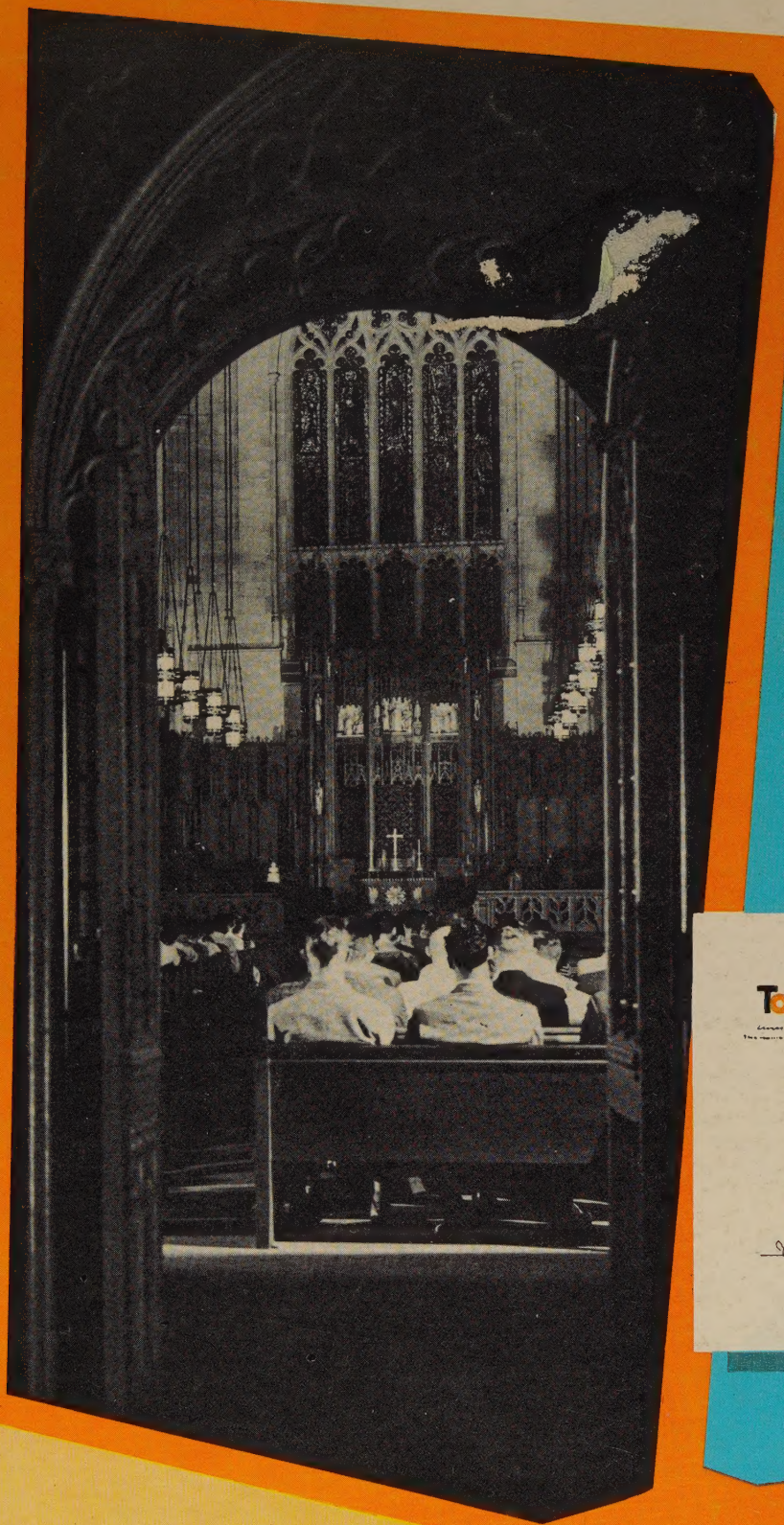

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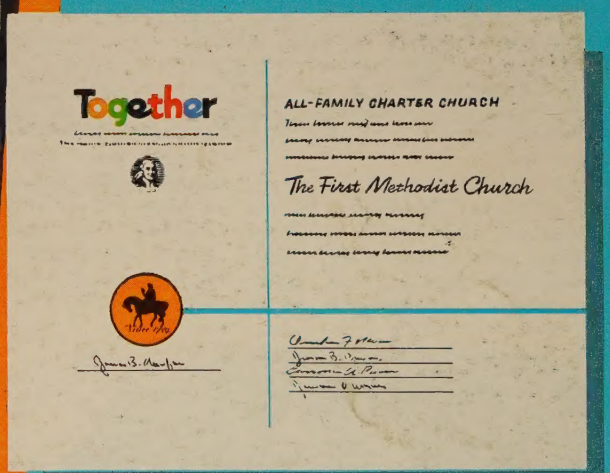

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